

The Saturday Evening Post

Established 1810. HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers, No. 219 Walnut St., Philad'a.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1871.

Price 25.00 a Year (or, 12.50 if paid in Advance) Single Number 5 Cents. No. 2616.

LAURA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY CLIO STANLEY.

She came—like blossoms to the earth,
Like music of Spring's sweetest,
Like any bright and pleasant thing
That lights the passing hours.

She came—a star within my sky,
When night was falling fast;
Beneath her smile 'gan blossoming
Days all too bright to last.

She went—like sunshine from the sky,
When day has dawned to die;
Like some bright bird, when summer winds
Have softly floated by.

She went—and all my life grew dark:
Love can invent no spell
To call my darling back to me;
Her last kiss was farewell!

BIRDS OF PLUMAGE AND BIRDS OF SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY ELLA WHEELER.

Eugenie Cuyler walked up and down the long piazza, restlessly spurning the train of her white dress with one gilded foot at each turn, and gazing her red lip as she watched the long stretch of carpeted road that ran east and west by Worthington House.

Mrs. Worthington, a matronly dame of fifty or thereabouts, sitting in one vine-shaded corner of the piazza, looked up at the young lady as she made her tenth trip with an amused smile.

"It seems to me you are very restless, Genie! What is the world ails you?"

Eugenie patted and then herself down upon the bench by Mrs. Worthington's side.

"What a question when you know how impatient I am to see that expected guest, and that I cannot rest until she comes!"

Genie answered the least bit petulantly. For Miss Eugenie Cuyler was in the habit of answering at yoddy and everybody just as she chose, whether seniors or juniors, high or low, considering her lovely blond face and dainty apparel as giving her unlimited license.

"It is hardly time for the stage yet, and perhaps the may not come until to-morrow after all."

Just then a step sounded on the gravel walk and handsome Miss Worthington came sauntering along, and sat down by her mother and Miss Cuyler.

"Are you not very impatient for the arrival of your sister?" queried Genie, turning her forget-me-not blue eyes upon her.

"Can a man have two sisters?" Miss Worthington asked by a question, looking meaningfully down into the blue eyes.

"Yes, an evil fate and a good one."

"Then surely I ought not to be in any haste to meet my evil fate?"

"But your future wife will not prove that I hope."

Miss Worthington laughed lightly.

"And you still persist in calling Miss Barleigh my future wife, I see," she said, "though you very well know there is not one chance in ten of her becoming so."

"I have no reason to think otherwise."

Bliss put one hand over both of hers and looked gravely down upon her.

"You are cruel," she said in a low voice, "to plague me so when you know my tongue is tied by my father's will for the present."

Genie dropped her golden lashes over her lovely blue eyes, not because she felt at all modest or shamed, but because she knew her lashes were long and thick, and the expression of her face was very Madonna-like when they were sweeping her cheeks.

"But you have never yet told me just how that will end. I only know that if you refuse to marry Miss Barleigh you forfeit twenty thousand dollars."

"Well, I cannot give you the exact wording, but it is to the effect that when Miss Barleigh is eighteen, and I twenty-one, it has been thirteen years since I saw her. That was one of the provisions of the will that we were not to see each other until we were old enough to form an unprejudiced opinion; and either one was to make any engagement of marriage with other parties until we had spent two months beneath the same roof. That was to be immediately after Miss Barleigh's eighteenth birthday,



RETTA AND BLISS WORTHINGTON AT THE PIANO.

and that having passed she is coming to spend the summer with us."

"But I thought the gentleman usually did the going and the seeking in such cases," Miss Genie said a little sarcastically.

"I suppose they do when the lady has a home. But unfortunately Mr. Barleigh lost every cent of his property save what he and my father owned together before he died, and his daughter has for several years occupied the position of music teacher in a ladies' college. She had a taste for music, and it was finely cultivated before her father died. Therefore, as she has no home, being an orphan, we have invited her to spend the summer vacation with us. She is near sister Kate's age, and now that you are here she will not lack for society."

"Is she pretty?"

"A woman's question," laughed Bliss. "But I cannot gratify your curiosity on that point. I remember very little about her, but have an idea that she is brown or black-eyed, and that is all I know. You have not long to wait before you will have the opportunity of judging for yourself."

"The stage is just climbing the hill," called Kate from the chamber window where she had been sitting and watching for the last half hour. She, too, was restless and nervous concerning the expected guest, and here her "dearest friend" and her brother the other two characters. Then Genie was of such a fine family; her grandfather's uncle had been a count or something of the kind, and Genie was supposed to have "noble" blood in her veins.

Things had progressed delightfully, all beyond Kate's wildest anticipations. Bliss, who on several of Genie's former school-girl visits, had seemed rather indifferent to her, was now very attentive, and evidently very much in love. Kate felt sure it would all end as she desired, if this "coming girl" did not make mischief. But if she should be prettier than Genie, and more fascinating—why all might be spoiled, for Bliss was not the most constant young man in the world, and twenty thousand dollars was not to be scoffed at. Of course the girl would exert every energy to win him, for she was a poor music teacher, and then Bliss was so handsome and charming. No wonder Kate watched at the window.

Two stage rumbled and jolted up and down the hill, around the curve in the road, and then straight over the smooth stretch of highway, to the gate of "Worthington House," where it paused.

Mrs. Worthington and Bliss both went down to the gate to meet their guest, while Genie flew up to Kate's room, and watched from the window.

A very small, slender little figure emerged from the coach door.

"Too small to be stylish or graceful," was Kate's comment, as she came up the path. "I wish she would lift her veil."

Just at the foot of the steps she paused, and lifted her veil as she answered some question of the coachman concerning her luggage. And the two girls watching so anxiously above, saw a decidedly plain little face, brown as a berry.

"Face, hair, eyes, and dress, are all of one color," laughed Genie, "which proves that she is a person of taste."

Both girls felt that a weight of lead had been lifted from their hearts. And Miss Genie wrote a most bewitching letter for tea, and a Kate declared, "never in all her life looked so lovely," which assertion ought to have been satisfactory to Genie, as Kate had told her upon several other occasions, that she "looked perfect."

Miss Barleigh's dress was a fiery white that evening—but as Genie had said, her face, hair, and eyes, were certainly very much of a color, and that was a quiet brown. That she could not lay claim to any beauty was certain, but her manner was free from all affectation—a rare thing among young ladies—and her voice very pleasing.

Half an hour after tea Kate went out upon the front veranda, where she found Bliss smoking his cigar.

"Well, brother mine, what do you think I will you accept of for the treaty that I have just made?" she asked, laughing lightly to mask her earnestness.

Bliss tossed his cigar down into the shrubbery below.

"I would forfeit every cent I possessed, before I would yield to the conditions of one of them. Why, Kate, a man would be demented who could think of her, were she rich as Croesus, as long as he had a hope of obtaining Eugenie. There is a vast difference between them, as there is between a little ground-bird and a beautiful bird of paradise."

"Kate's eyes sparkled."

"I am glad you like Genie," she said, "she is a beautiful girl, and Miss Barleigh looks very plain beside her, as you say. She will be very much disappointed, no doubt, in not obtaining you as the money, but I am glad you are not ready to sacrifice yourself. But we must make her visit as pleasant as possible. Poor girl, I feel half sorry for her already, for no doubt she has cherished this hope all her life."

Kate went down to her guests, and Bliss sat a few moments enjoying the moonlight, and lost in a blissful reverie of blue eyes, and golden tresses, and rosy cheeks. Suddenly the sound of the grand piano in the parlor below broke upon the air. There were a few rippling notes, like the dropping of water, and then such a burst of glorious harmony as made the blood leap in Bliss's veins. He was passionately fond of music, and really excited to himself. But this was music such as he had heard but a few times in his life. Somebody's Grand March, full of odd, strange passages, and quick changes, ranging through half a dozen octaves, and breaking from momentous wails into victorious blasts of melody, and all played with such exquisite taste and in such perfect time.

It was not Kate—for her music always set Bliss's teeth on edge. It was not Genie, for she could not read one note from another, nor was it a sheet of music as more of a riddle to her than a blank sheet of paper.

Then surely it must be Miss Barleigh who was making such wonderful music. Bliss sat a few moments in stupefied delight, and then rising, turned his steps down a side passage, where he found the piano.

Miss Cuyler and Kate in the upper door, and Mrs. Worthington by the window. All three were silent, and Bliss seated himself upon the lounge behind the quiet musician and drank in the glorious sound.

"I beg of you to go on; do not stop now, after giving us a foretaste of it," Bliss exclaimed, as Miss Barleigh paused.

She turned her quick eyes upon him, arching her brows a little.

"Indeed, Mr. Worthington, you here?" she said with provoking indifference in tone

and face. "Do you like music, do you? I am glad, for I think people very stupid who do not care for it, and I should regret to find you stupid."

Bliss smiled a little, for her indifference to all kinds of music was well known. Kate smiled.

"Oh no, Miss Barleigh," she said quickly, "you will be spared that regret, for Bliss is a very fine musician himself. I like him much better than any other I ever heard."

"Oh, Kate, don't!" Bliss exclaimed; but Miss Barleigh rose from the instrument with a pleasant smile.

"In that case I shall be most happy to resign my seat for awhile and listen to him, for it is so long since I have heard any good music, that it will be quite a treat."

"I beg you to excuse me, and do not credit Kate's statements, for she is a prejudiced judge," Bliss began; but Miss Barleigh interrupted, in her provokingly cool way—

"No, don't, I pray you, play the fashionable song lady and offer excuses, in order to be useful, for it is silly in her and would be doubly so in you. Please play."

What could Bliss do after that but sit down and play his best? Miserably poor that seemed to him after what he had heard.

"Well, yes, you play very well, indeed," Miss Barleigh acknowledged in such a patronizing manner that he felt himself almost humiliated. "But I think I must have heard more musicians than Miss Kate, for I have heard music which I thought excelled yours. At least it suited me better. However, I like your style very much. Do you sing?"

"Not alone. I sing bass, and would like to accompany you in some songs if you also sing. Do you?"

"A little," Miss Barleigh said, and took her seat again at the piano. "Please select something you like from your sister's music."

Bliss picked out a sheet of difficult opera music, arranged for two voices, male and female. He had studied on it for weeks, and mastered all the difficulties.

"Here is something fine," he said. "Did you ever see it?"

Miss Barleigh glanced at it. "No, I never saw it, but let us try it." She hummed a few bars over softly to herself, played the difficult prelude with perfect ease, and then struck into the air. Her voice was a glorious soprano, clear, strong, high and pure. It rang out like the notes of a bugle in the word, wild, passionate song, and even Genie felt a strange thrill as the wonderful sounds rolled out. She had a finely cultivated voice, as well as a natural gift of song, and while she rendered the music perfectly, every word was distinctly and plainly uttered.

"I should think you could sing a little," cried Bliss at the end of the song. "Why, you are a sound to Jenny Lind! You could make a fortune with your voice."

"But supposing my tone is already made?" Kate and Genie exchanged glances, and Bliss looked conscious. "Oh! I do not mean that stupid affair of the will," he hastened to say. "That is so entirely and utterly absurd that I scarcely ever think or speak of it."

The subject had not been mentioned between them before, and it was rather galling to Bliss to have her the first to speak, and in this ridiculous manner. It hurt his pride as it his self-love.

Mrs. Worthington broke the awkward silence at that moment.

"You have indeed a remarkable voice, Miss Barleigh; but what I appreciate most is the distinct manner in which you sing the words of a song. I could understand it all, which is very uncommon with modern singers. I am just old-fashioned enough to care to hear the words of a song, as well as the music. I suppose it is because I have not a 'cultivated ear,' but I really can see no beauty in singing, in the voice ever so fine, when not one word is spoken plainly."

"Nor I," declared Bliss, "though I am aware that it is very old-fashioned, as you say, mother, I cannot conscientiously praise a lady's singing when she mutters her words in the present fashionable style."

"I wonder what introduced the absurd fashion?" asked Mrs. Worthington.

Miss Barleigh smiled. "I suppose," she said, "it is done in imitation of those opera singers, who sing in foreign languages. Of course, foreign songs are only appreciated by those who understand the language, but the singers have beautifully cultivated voices and receive high commendations, and the fashionable young lady imitates, by making the words of her English song unintelligible, that she is singing a foreign song, and something, if not excellent, some famous Prima Donna."

Bliss laughed. "I believe you are right," he said, "but it is an absurd fashion anyway. Please give us another song."

While she was singing, Bliss whispered to Kate, "Our guest is a brown thrush, instead of a ground bird, Kate."

Kate tossed her head. She did not like Bliss's enthusiasm over Miss Barleigh's music. She had considered her so unattractive because Genie said she was more than annoyed upon the discovery that the plain brown little thing possessed a talent and accomplishment which put Genie completely in the shade.

Genie was inwardly burning with envy and jealousy, but managed to hide it with a calm exterior.

singers. I am just old-fashioned enough to care to hear the words of a song, as well as the music. I suppose it is because I have not a 'cultivated ear,' but I really can see no beauty in singing, in the voice ever so fine, when not one word is spoken plainly."

"Nor I," declared Bliss, "though I am aware that it is very old-fashioned, as you say, mother, I cannot conscientiously praise a lady's singing when she mutters her words in the present fashionable style."

"I wonder what introduced the absurd fashion?" asked Mrs. Worthington.

Miss Barleigh smiled. "I suppose," she said, "it is done in imitation of those opera singers, who sing in foreign languages. Of course, foreign songs are only appreciated by those who understand the language, but the singers have beautifully cultivated voices and receive high commendations, and the fashionable young lady imitates, by making the words of her English song unintelligible, that she is singing a foreign song, and something, if not excellent, some famous Prima Donna."

Bliss laughed. "I believe you are right," he said, "but it is an absurd fashion anyway. Please give us another song."

While she was singing, Bliss whispered to Kate, "Our guest is a brown thrush, instead of a ground bird, Kate."

Kate tossed her head. She did not like Bliss's enthusiasm over Miss Barleigh's music. She had considered her so unattractive because Genie said she was more than annoyed upon the discovery that the plain brown little thing possessed a talent and accomplishment which put Genie completely in the shade.

Genie was inwardly burning with envy and jealousy, but managed to hide it with a calm exterior.

Genie and Kate, who occupied one bedroom, were awakened at an unusually early hour the following morning by the sound of the piano, and two voices in song—Miss Barleigh and Bliss singing a duet—and all the forenoon these two sat at the piano, singing and playing, and Kate and Genie were left to entertain themselves.

"Is there a store of any kind in this vicinity?" asked Miss Barleigh one afternoon as they were all out on the piazza. "I want to make a purchase of a pair of riding gloves before that excursion that is planned comes off."

"There is a very convenient fancy store and dry goods establishment just below us," Bliss said, "and I am going down this evening. Give me your number, and I shall be pleased to make the purchase for you."

"Thank you, laughed Miss Barleigh; but I would rather you would not get them, as it would cause me to tell a lie."

"Why, how so?" asked Bliss wonderingly.

"Because I should, out of politeness, be obliged to say they suited me, when they certainly would not. I am never suited with anything which is picked out for me. I prefer to do my own selecting."

Bliss colored and blushed; the hidden meaning of the words did not escape him, and Kate's lover—a gay, dashing young man from the city—who knew the circumstances connected with the will, laughed gaily and aggravatingly.

"In that case I shall be most happy to give you a ride down to the store behind my pony this evening, when you can make your own purchases."

"Thank! I shall be glad to go."

Miss Barleigh had monopolized Bliss's attention all that day at the piano, and Genie was ready to cry with vexation when she saw them ride off together. Things were assuming a serious aspect, and that "plain little thing," who had hair, eyes, and complexion all of one color, somehow managed to get more attention than she with her blonde beauty did. Every man who came to Worthington House seemed bewitched by her droll, quiet wit and magnificent voice.

Bliss came into the parlor one day, and found Genie alone, by a window, and throwing herself into a chair by her side, fell to chatting in his old familiar style.

How handsome he was, and how tenderly he looked at her! Her voice was high with hope. But five minutes later he called out to Miss Barleigh, as she was passing the door.

"Retta"—he had grown to call her Retta—"please come in and play to me. I feel horribly blue and stupid, and nothing but your music can revive my spirits."

Genie felt her hopes suddenly fall, but she determined to make the best of the matter. Miss Barleigh came in, and opening the piano, dashed off into a bewildering waltz, that sent the blood leaping through Bliss's veins. Genie, determined to like what he heard, said, "Oh, how nice!" at its close, and then asked Miss Barleigh if she would please play a waltz. Bliss colored, and Miss Barleigh, with an amused smile, answered, "That was a waltz I just played, but I will play another for you."

Genie could have boxed her own ears, at her stupid blunder. She had played a poor waltz. After all, she believed Miss Barleigh would win him! Kate was tormented with the fear, too. Bliss was surely "making a fool of himself," she declared, and she must wait around the bushes, and see if he was in earnest. So one day she began, "Do you think you are paying rather too much attention to Retta, Bliss? You are giving her reason to entertain hopes which can never be realized of course, and it will only

network I missed up again when Cliff returned, and there never was a

again when Cliff returned, and there never was a

again when Cliff returned, and there never was a

again when Cliff returned, and there never was a

again when Cliff returned, and there never was a

again when Cliff returned, and there never was a

again when Cliff returned, and there never was a

again when Cliff returned, and there never was a

again when Cliff returned, and there never was a

again when Cliff returned, and there never was a

again when Cliff returned, and there never was a

again when Cliff returned, and there never was a

again when Cliff returned, and there never was a

again when Cliff returned, and there never was a

make her disappointment the greater, and more bitter if you lead her to think you care for her now."

"Well, madam Kate, supposing I do care for her? Miss Burtleigh said with such vehemence that Kate was startled. "I think I can manage my own affairs without any assistance."

"But you know you said she was so insignificant beside Genie, and a man would be deceived."

"I never said any such thing," Miss interrupted stoutly, "and if I did I was deceived. Genie is a very pretty little girl, but she is no more to be compared with Kate than is a humming bird with a golden roble."

"Oh," was all Kate said, but she lost all hope from that moment.

Bliss was certainly very far gone. "That girl" had woven her meshes around him in some mysterious manner, and she must endeavor to like her, now that she was to be her sister—so she told her mother that night in confidence.

"She has got around Bliss in some way, mother, and we must endeavor to feel resigned. I had hoped to have Genie for a sister, but then there will be one comfort in the thought that dear papa's wishes and desires are being carried out, and Bliss's fortune will be increased."

Genie felt decidedly melancholy when she first concluded that she had really lost Bliss, and hated Miss Burtleigh cordially. But Kate's lover brought a young man down from the city with him one day—a flashy, flashy sort of a youth—who immediately fell in love with Miss Genie, and there was some comfort in that. He became a frequent visitor at Worthington House, and though he was rather weak-brained and decidedly insignificant beside Bliss, she found some consolation in being admired by him.

The days went by, and it was the third week in July. Miss Burtleigh had been at Worthington House seven weeks. After two weeks more she would be going away. The seven weeks had been pleasant to her, and more than pleasant to Bliss.

He came and sat down close at her side, one twilight evening as she sat at the piano, playing and singing softly. All the rest were out in the garden somewhere, Kate and her lover, Genie and Gus Walters, her milk-and-water lover, and they had the parlor to themselves.

The night was as cool as October—almost chilly, and Kate wore some kind of a woolen dress, a bright crimson in color, and crimson bows of ribbon were stuck here and there in her brown hair. What would look gaudy or bold on another woman looked becoming and charming when worn by her. Bliss had grown to think crimson and scarlet—Kate's favorite colors—the prettiest hues in the world. Bliss seemed decidedly tame.

"You look like some beautiful Southern bird as you sit here in the twilight," he said, reaching out one hand and taking hers.

"Do I?" she laughed. "I hope you are not going to catch me."

"But I am, if you will let me! and it shall be no common cage either, but a beautiful one, worthy of its occupant. Oh, Kate! what shall I do after you go away?"

"Do just as you did all the years before I came."

"Ah but that is impossible. For then I had never seen you, and of course did not love you. Now I have seen you, and do love you. Oh, Kate! what you say with me always—even as our fathers desired and planned when we were children? Will you, Kate?"

Kate waited until he finished, and then looked up quietly.

"I would do a great deal to please you, my friend," she said, demurely, "but I can not consent to your proposition."

"But Kate, you can't mean that you utterly refuse me—that you will never marry me, never be my wife?"

"But I do mean just that. I have no love to give you, as I have given that along with my heart to the man I shall marry before very long. He knows that I love him, but of course I could not honorably make an engagement of marriage, until I had spent two months beneath the roof with you. He is coming to see me next week, and then I shall give him the answer he has waited so patiently for."

"But why have you deceived me so?" cried Bliss, despairingly. "You were cruel and heartless, to make me think you loved me, only to cast me aside."

Miss Burtleigh smiled.

"No, only just," she said, "I wanted to teach you a lesson. You thought I came here determined to catch you, against your will. You, your sister, and the bird of paradise, were all watching and commenting upon the movements and appearance of the poor little ground-bird. Why you must be determined, to think of me, while you had a hope of obtaining Miss Cuyler! My dear friend, be careful when you next give your opinion of a lady, that you do not speak incautiously loud, especially if you are sitting upon a veranda that runs immediately under the open window of her room. I came here with the friendliest of feelings towards you, determined to tell you immediately that I did not regard the wishes of our parents, and that my affections were already engaged, but that I felt it a duty to spend the eight weeks here, before forming any engagement of marriage. I had no desire to win your love, or to monopolize your attentions, but happening to overhear your conversation with your sister the evening of my arrival, and having noticed Miss Cuyler's belligerent glances toward me, I concluded I would not mention my present intentions, but let things take their own course. If I have taught you a lesson, I am glad, and I am sure you have convinced you that I did not come here to force you to marry me."

Two days later the stage set down a stranger at the gate of Worthington House. A splendidly handsome man, evidently somewhere in his thirties, who wore the finest of broadcloth and linen, with the air of one who had always been accustomed to it, whose voice was melodious and whose manner was the refinement of dignity and grace. Even elegant Miss Worthington looked common beside him. Miss Burtleigh introduced him as "Mr. Morris, a friend of mine from home."

Bliss knew well enough who he was, and whispered it to his mother and Kate when they expressed curiosity about the stranger. Kate told them herself the next day.

"Mr. Morris is a wealthy banker," she said, "whom I became acquainted with while teaching music in M—- seminary. I am going to marry him next winter, and I hope you, Mrs. Worthington, and Kate will both visit me occasionally in my new home."

Bliss tried to find a flaw in Mr. Morris after the manner of rejected lovers toward their rivals, but failed to find him anything

but a perfect gentleman, and the two became excellent friends.

Miss Burtleigh left in company with Mr. Morris the next week, and returned to her position in the seminary. Christmas she sent her cards to Bliss. "Miss Kate Burtleigh" and "Mr. and Mrs. Ward Morris." Kate's visit was prolonged till August and September, and a few weeks after her return home Bliss followed her. And all that winter he had frequent errands cityward. Kate's hopes were raised again, this time not to be disappointed. For in April there was a double wedding in "Grace Church," Kate Worthington and Eugenie Cuyler being the brides. Mrs. Ward Morris smiled a little when the cards were brought to her by the postman, and her husband coming in just then and wanting to know the cause of her smile, she told him the story of her summer at Worthington House.

"Served him right," laughed Mr. Morris; "but I am glad he has found a comforter in the shape of a nice little wife. I find that to be a panacea for all the ills of life, but he has only a bird of plume, while I have a bird of song."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPT. 16, 1871.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE CLYFFARDS OF CLYFFE. By the author of "Lost Sir Marmaduke," "Carlyle's Year," etc. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

FRENCH, GERMAN, SPANISH, LATIN, AND ITALIAN LANGUAGES WITHOUT A MASTER. By A. H. MONTREUIL, Esq. All in one volume. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

LILLIAN; OR, DID SHE DO RIGHT? By MARGARET YARQUANOR, author of "Elsie Dimmock," etc. Published by William B. Evans & Co., 740 Sanson St., Philada.

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE OF FRUIT. Cultivated and for sale by Ellwanger & Barry, Mount Hope Nurseries, Rochester, New York.

Old Letters.

Is there any thing sadder than the files of old family letters, where one seems to spell backward one's own future? The frail fabric of paper is still firm, while the strong hand that poured out upon it the heart's throbs of love, of hate, of hope, or of despair, is mouldering in the grave. Letters filled with anxieties, hopes, perhaps, in their realization; or hopes, defeated in their very accomplishment; letters soiled with professions of everlasting affection that exhaled with a few morning's dews; and others, stamped with sincere love, that seem, as the time-stained sheet trembles in the hand, to breathe from Heaven upon it; letters with announcements of births to be received with a family all hail! and with the fond records of opening childhood—and then—the black-lined sheet, and the hastily broken seal, and the story of sickness and death; letters with gay disclosures of betrothals, of illimitable hopes and sweet romance; and a little farther down in the file, conjugal dissatisfactions, bickering and disappointments; and perchance the history from year to year of happy married love, tried and made stronger by trial, cemented by every joy, brightened all along its course by cheerfulness and patience, and home lover and character, but even in this there is a solemnity, for it is past. The sheaves are gathered into the garner, and on earth is nothing left but the seared stubble-field.

Letters of Recommendation.

A gentleman advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves to him. Out of the whole number he in a short time selected one and dismissed the rest.

"I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected that boy who had not a single recommendation?"

"You are mistaken," said the gentleman, "he had a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him, showing that he was careful; he gave up his seat instantly to that lame old man, showing he was kind and thoughtful; he took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly and respectfully, showing he was polite and gentlemanly; he picked up the book which I had carelessly laid upon the floor, and replaced it on the table, while all the rest stepped over it or shoved it aside; and he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing and crowding, showing that he was honest and orderly. When I talked with him I noticed that his clothes were carefully brushed, his hair in nice order, and his teeth as white as milk; and when he wrote his name I noticed that his finger nails were clean, instead of being tipped with jet, like that handsome little fellow in the blue jacket. Don't you call those things letters of recommendation? I do, and I would give more for what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes ten minutes than all the fine letters he can bring me."

Integrity.

Integrity is a virtue which costs much. In the period of passion, it takes self-denial to keep down the appetites of the flesh; in the time of ambition, with us far more dangerous, it requires very much earnestness of character to keep covetousness within its proper bounds, not to be swayed by love of the praise of men, or official power over them. But what a magnificent recompense does it bring to any and every man! Any pleasure which cost consciousness a single pang is really a pain, and not a pleasure. All gains which rob you of your integrity is a gain which profits not; it is a loss. Honor is infamy if won by the sale of your own soul. But what womanly and manly delight does this costly virtue bring into our consciousness, here and elsewhere!—Theodore Parker.

The Olive Trees of Hebron are still yielding fruit.

Pail creatures—dairy maids.

I have come to the conclusion, if man or woman either wishes to realize the full power of personal beauty, it must be by cherishing noble hopes and purposes; by having something to do and something to live for which is worthy of humanity, and which, by expanding the capacities of the soul, gives expansion and symmetry to the body which contains it.—Professor Upham.

Olive Lager is going to lecture this season on "Nice Young Men." Last year she lectured on "Girls." A crusty bachelor friend hopes to go—odious he won't get those two lectures mixed.

ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JASON DORRIS'S STORY."

CHAPTER XXIX.

"WHISPERING VOICES CAN POISON TRUTH."

"You must tell me all about Broadmead," said Lady Pechford.

"I quite long to hear about it. I do not find my cousin, Mr. Carteret, half so communicative as I could wish."

Miss Pycroft nodded significantly, and the nod was not lost on Lady Pechford, who, however, went on without seeming to observe it.

"My heart is quite drawn towards the place, since an old friend of mine is there—one whom I knew in my youthful days"—here Lady Pechford waxed sentimental, and sighed slightly.

"Those golden days with you were so crowded, Miss Pycroft, that once lost never return to us again. You have reminiscences—sweet reminiscences—yourself, without doubt!"

Miss Pycroft nodded a little testily, saying to herself, "French, French," and would probably have added "Rousseau," had she known anything of him; but as "Rousseau's Dream"—which was occasionally used as a hymn tune at Broadmead—was the only association she had with the French philosopher, the link was too slight to serve her at the present crisis.

"Yes," continued Lady Pechford; "in my early married life, I hope I profited by the ministry of Dr. Crawford, then a curate at Driffling. The heart returns to those old days very pleasantly, and I should like to hear him preach once more."

"A very sound preacher," interposed Miss Pycroft. "You would be sure of good orthodoxy from him."

"Ah!" said Lady Pechford, inwardly recalling from the description; and then, relapsing into the sentimental again, she proceeded—"but one hears with different ears in the blossom-time, and when the fruit is in its prime—or when it is decaying! But you must describe Broadmead to me: I seem to have so many associations with it. Let me see—my cousin, Mr. Carteret, one; the Crawfords, two; Captain Standfield and his son, three; Mrs. Seaton, four. I need to know Mrs. Seaton long, long ago; but it is ages since we met. We should see strange alterations in one another." And Lady Pechford glanced complacently at a mirror.

Do people grow old very, very fast at Broadmead, Miss Pycroft?"

Miss Pycroft bridled up a little; she gave a prim smile, and then replied, in a matter-of-fact manner—"I am sixty-eight, Lady Pechford"—as if leaving Lady Pechford to answer to herself as to the ravages of time in the quiet village.

"Sixty-eight!"—and Lady Pechford elevated her eyebrows. "Is it possible?" she exclaimed, with an accent worthy of the son-in-law of James II.—"is it possible? And not a streak of silver in your hair. Mine is very gray."

And she regarded the stiff frizzed curls, shaded by the blonde of Miss Pycroft's cap, with admiration.

Miss Pycroft coughed uncomfortably. There was a slight struggle in her mind between truth, and a certain awkwardness of having to speak of what she had never before found herself in a position to state in so many words. Truth, however, had the upper hand.

"I wear a front," Lady Pechford, said Miss Pycroft, throwing as much dignity into the confession as it was possible to do.

"I beg your pardon," said Lady Pechford hastily, suddenly roused to a sense of the ludicrous; and she glided into another subject.

"We shall have a quiet evening together. I hope for I have asked any one in the night. I thought you would be tired after your journey; and besides, I wanted to have a confidential talk with you, Miss Pycroft. I have quite looked forward to your coming; and now that I have seen you, I feel quite sure that I may trespass upon your kindness, and say just what I like to you, with the certainty that it will go no farther. May I not?" pleaded Lady Pechford, with one of her most insinuating smiles.

"Continually," Pechford, certainly," responded Miss Pycroft, wondering what Lady Pechford could possibly wish to consult her about. Probably, some point of doctrine; for Miss Pycroft plumed herself upon her doctrine, and was not afraid of entering the theological lists with the most professed thinkers.

But after dinner, when they were comfortably seated in the drawing-room again, Miss Pycroft found that the subject to be discussed was neither heterodoxy nor orthodoxy.

"You will be quite anxious, Miss Pycroft, to know what I am going to ask you about, and what I am going to confide to you; but I am not intending to look upon you as a stranger, for I seem to know you already, and so feel that, in my anxiety to do the best for my young relative—for it is about Mr. Carteret that I wish to consult you—you will give me the benefit of your superior wisdom."

Whenever Miss Pycroft's superior wisdom was appealed to, she was disarmed at once; and, in fact—so far as a Pycroft could be supposed to do so—she rather lost her balance.

"I am very anxious about my cousin," continued Lady Pechford. "When he came here I was given to understand—not at all definitely, only very vaguely, indeed—that there had been—that there was—a sort of love affair somewhere that was not very likely to come to anything. And somehow or other I have connected this vague rumor with Broadmead; and I have often wished to meet with some one who could satisfy my mind upon the subject, without in any way doing damage to what I fervently trust are Mr. Carteret's present prospects. And I feel, my dear Miss Pycroft, that you can throw a light upon my cousin's journey at Broadmead, and can guide me by your judicious counsel."

"Well," returned Miss Pycroft, "perhaps I may be able to do so, though I should be the last person to speak upon the subject if you had not asked me. I think I may say that, in all probability, the report was connected with Broadmead; and, indeed, I may say that at one time there was a very prevalent impression that Mr. Carteret was actually engaged. But this is most strictly confidential. Lady Pechford, I should not wish Mr. Carteret to think that I had ever breathed such an idea."

"Of course not—certainly not. I would not even intimate it to him."

"The more especially," Miss Pycroft went on, "as I have reason to believe that

there was never anything in it beyond a mere flirtation."

"You mislead me beyond measure. And the young lady?"

Miss Pycroft waved mysteriously.

"All's well that ends well, Lady Pechford. Second love is sometimes wiser than first."

"Now, what is the woman driving at?" thought Lady Pechford. "Can there be any one else in the case?" Then she said aloud—"I have been half fearing that there might be a sort of entanglement that he was secretly engaged to, and that he felt it honorable to hold to in spite of his wishes turning in another direction; for between ourselves, Miss Pycroft, there is—" and Lady Pechford paused.

Miss Pycroft bore down triumphantly.

"I think I can forestall what you are intending to tell me. Captain Standfield mentioned something of it at Broadmead."

"Did he?" exclaimed Lady Pechford—"the dear, honest, straightforward creature! Who would have given him credit for being so discerning—so observing. But these simple, unsuspecting, seafaring men sometimes arrive at conclusions more quickly than we cautious women. Did he mention any name?"

"Wardlaw," said Miss Pycroft.

"Capital!" ejaculated Lady Pechford.

"And some friends of mine at Commister also spoke of it. They had been staying at Linthorpe during the summer, and had seen what was going on."

"Ah!" returned Lady Pechford, "it is impossible to prevent these matters from becoming public, however quiet people may try to keep them. Sometimes I think that I will warn Mr. Carteret to be a little more careful; but then one sometimes does harm by intermeddling."

"Precisely my opinion, Lady Pechford. One should see and hear all that one possibly can, and say nothing. Leave people to manage their own affairs in their own way, and take no notice of what does not immediately concern one's self."

"My dear Miss Pycroft, your sentiments are perfectly charming. Exactly my own ideas, and just what I am trying to carry out in the present case. I want to hear everything, and know everything, and look it safely in the recesses of my own heart. And you so relieve me, by telling me that there has been nothing but a mere flirtation—no fear of broken hearts or broken vows."

"Broken hearts!" repeated Miss Pycroft, with some acidity. "No—I should think there was no fear of that. Diana—"

And Miss Pycroft stopped—the name slipped out by accident.

"Diana!" said Lady Pechford, softly.

"I should not have mentioned the name, Lady Pechford; but I know that with you it is sacred."

"Perfectly so; but you must tell me a little more, now that you have roused my curiosity. Who is she? who is her father? who is her mother? what sort of people are they?"

"Both dead. Her father died without a penny, and left his daughter dependent upon the kindness of friends."

"Of course," said Lady Pechford to herself. "What an escape for John!" Then aloud—"We must hope that she will meet with a rich husband."

"No fear of not doing so," answered Miss Pycroft, nodding mysteriously.

"She has, then, another string to her bow?" said Lady Pechford.

"And one not likely to break, if all that is said is true—Jasper Seaton."

"Seaton! I am positively more interested than I expected to be. The son of my old acquaintance, Mrs. Seaton, doubtless."

"But there is no engagement that I know of, Lady Pechford," said Miss Pycroft, drawing in a little. "And I have never heard a word officially upon the subject, either from Mrs. Seaton, or Jasper, or Dr. I don't suppose there is any regular engagement; but when two people are constantly together, one can easily see what it will end in."

"Certainly, certainly. And I wish Mr. Seaton success with all my heart—and a happy settlement of difficulties for all parties. You see, my dear Miss Pycroft, that though it is all very well for a rich man like Mr. Seaton to marry a portionless girl, it would be the height of absurdity for a poor man without prospect to do so. John Carteret must look out for a fortune, since he has none himself."

"And I presume that I may conclude he has already done so."

"No, my dear Miss Pycroft, you are to conclude nothing of the sort, from anything that I have said. You must use your own eyes; and if you like to put any faith in Captain Standfield, you may do so. But you must hold my communications to be as if they were all unsaid. No one must ever know that we have ever spoken upon the subject. We might destroy everything if we allowed people to know we were consulting over their destinies. No—I have told you none of my cousin's secrets, and you have told me none of the Broadmead gossip. We know without knowing: we see without having our attention called to it. And we take the gossip of the world for what it is worth."

Miss Pycroft did not quite follow out Lady Pechford's argument—it sounded a little sophistical. It might only be, however, that there was a French atmosphere about everything, in which a Pycroft found it difficult to breathe; and Miss Pycroft began to feel a little uncertain whether, in the warmth of the confidential discussion, she had not said a little more than was quite wise.

"Remember, Lady Pechford, I do not believe that there is an engagement at present," were Miss Pycroft's last words, as they parted for the night. "It may not even have entered into the minds of Diana and Jasper, for anything I know to the contrary."

"I quite understand," returned Lady Pechford, "and you need have no fears about my discretion. But we will hope that the young lady may not be left without a lover."

When Miss Pycroft was once again in the solitude of her own apartment, she carefully deposited her adornments in their several resting-places, threw on her dressing-gown, and putting on her spectacles, sat down to meditate. Why she put on her spectacles she might not have been able to explain; but she never could meditate comfortably without them—they seemed to bear with them an inspiration of wisdom, and in the present instance, protected her eyes from the blazing fire. She gazed into the flames, as though to draw from them some ray of light that might help her to understand Lady Pechford more completely.

"Very agreeable, very convincing, very taking—but very French," said Miss Pycroft, making the fire burn more vigorously. "If it were not that there is too much of the French element, I should say she was the most charming woman I had seen for some time. But one feels with her as with a foreigner almost; that the language is, somehow, different—little turns and twistings that one is not accustomed to in everyday life. I suppose I shall get accustomed to it in a day or two, and know where I am; but at present"—and Miss Pycroft glanced round the room—"I feel as if I were in Paris without going there."

Lady Pechford had dismissed her maid. She, too, was pondering over the evening, and over the evening's guest.

"A pompous, good-natured, stupid old woman," said Lady Pechford. "She does not understand one-half of what she has told me. I see the case exactly—and John Carteret must not marry the girl. It would be madness. It would only lead to misery; for the proverb's true, enough. When poverty comes in at that door, love flies out at the window! No, my cousin, I will save you if I can; and some day we will laugh over it together, and you will thank me."

And Lady Pechford, meaning no ill, retired to rest. The world would go on better if she could only manage it. Such was her idea; and there was something amiable in her wish that it could be so. The drawback was, that other people might not agree with her. However, as it was an impossibility, she was obliged to content herself with things as they were, and be satisfied with catching at any straw that she could divert from its natural course.

By the time that Miss Pycroft joined her friends in their lodgings, Lady Pechford had contrived that she should see with the eyes that she wished her to see with. And when she was fairly launched in Linthorpe as a temporary inhabitant, she began to hear with the ears that the superior Linthorpe world heard with, and received so many false impressions as ordinary observers never fail to receive, upon which to found an estimate of things in general, and to form her own opinions of matters individually.

Nevertheless, she was much more cautious with others than she had been with Lady Pechford, whose manners and attentions had cast a glamour round her; and no one learned from her what John Carteret's experiences at Broadmead might have been.

Lady Pechford preserved a similar reticence, and never alluded to Broadmead, excepting in the most casual manner in connection with the Crawfords.

"I suppose you know very little of Miss Pycroft?" she said one day to John Carteret. "She seems a pleasant sort of woman, but a little behind the age."

"She thinks, on the contrary, that the present age has not arrived at her standard," returned John Carteret, smiling.

"Ah, well—the result is the same, whichever way one puts it," answered Lady Pechford, coolly.

She was beginning to be doubtful whether her course was as clear as she had anticipated; until one morning a letter arrived from Captain Standfield, bringing an unexpected stroke of fortune in her favor.

Captain Standfield was returning to Linthorpe in the course of a month or so—"for there is no place like the seaside for me," he wrote. "I'm going to the Crawfords on my way back, if you have any commands there. I have found a sort of new relation at Broadmead—a little god-daughter, whom I have every reason to believe has a fair prospect of being very happily married there; that is, if my eyes and ears—and perhaps a little more—do not deceive me."

"Who can this little god-daughter be?" asked Lady Pechford, as she read the passage to John Carteret, as she read the passage to John Carteret.

John Carteret went a little paler than usual, but Lady Pechford appeared to be looking another way.

"I am so glad that Captain Standfield is returning to Linthorpe," she went on, without seeming to observe that she had received no reply to her question. "Such a dear, charming, honest sort of person, and such an acute observer. I was quite astonished at his insight into Linthorpe affairs, and quite alarmed at the judgment he might pronounce upon us all."

And she continued to converse upon indifferent topics, apparently losing sight of the letter and Captain Standfield's god-daughter altogether. But she nevertheless was well assured that the shaft had flown as she had intended; and John Carteret went home with another argument on the side of his doubts and fears.

Not that he believed that Diana was at all aware of what her heart was straying. He knew that she would think herself true to him. But he doubted whether some day she might not awake, and find that her love had been given too early, too lightly; and that, with the growth of years, another and deeper love had sprung to life.

"There must be something in it," mused Lady Pechford. "Doubtless the girl's a flirt, and the sooner John Carteret learns it the better."

Lady Pechford was no worse than her neighbors; but when a woman is in a diplomatic position, she is obliged to be a diplomatist as well as a woman. As a diplomatist she was the most distinguished diplomatist as possibly managed to entangle greater ones.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE WHISPER REACHES BROADMEAD.

Broadmead was bearing her spring crown royally. March was nearly at an end; and the winds had blown over the land, and were still blowing freshly, as though they would let nothing rest, but were ever on every blade and bud to life and activity; and the heavens looked brighter, as well they might, since the restless wind had driven the heavy snow-clouds northward, where they might stay packed up on the tops of the ice-mountains until the cold season came round again, and the earth waited her ermine mantle to throw over her shivering form, and to protect the shrubs and plants that crept under its wide folds. Almost a month since Charles Standfield had been at Broadmead, and had spoken such unexpected words to Diana. It seemed longer to her—for she had brooded over the visit, and reproached herself for having given pain to one she esteemed so highly. She had tried to keep his secret; but, somehow, Jasper had contrived to know it. Whether she had told him, or he had guessed it, she was not quite sure; but it came to pass that he knew it, as he knew everything concerning her.

Yet he had not calculated upon such a catastrophe as this; and he was filled with

charm as to what might have transpired in her reply. Naturally, she might have told Mr. Standfield of her engagement; and, if so, it would entirely refute Captain Standfield's story, and perhaps lead to an explanation which would place matters upon a much more secure footing than they were at present between Diana and John Carteret.

Besides this, an open acknowledgment of her engagement, which might possibly slip out through Charles Standfield to the Crawford, could render utterly useless all the insinuations and suggestions that Mrs. Stanton had of late propagated in Broadmead.

For Jasper was not unaware of these, nor was he unaware of the construction that might be put upon the relationship in which he appeared to Diana.

As long as John Carteret was lost sight of, popular opinion would take the phase he wished it to take; and, with patient working, things in time might take the turn he wished them to take. For this he strove; for this he set his whole energies to work. He took advantage of every circumstance, however slight, that he could bend to his own purpose. He was withheld by no principle; he wavered not in his determination; his will was inflexible;—and yet he had a curious conscientiousness that prevented his taking any active step. It must be the work of others—forced, as it were, upon him; and bearing him up, without any effort of his own, upon a tide of misapprehension that it was not his business to correct.

He knew, as well as he knew his own heart, that John Carteret was true to Diana, and he never actually said to the contrary; yet the whole unspoken action of his present life was to prove John Carteret false. And Diana, unused to diplomacy, whilst she saw the hatred that Mrs. Stanton bore to John Carteret and estimated her words accordingly, was blind to the subtler antagonism of her son.

Jasper Benton was somewhat at a loss to discover the special point he wished to know. He could ask no questions, neither could he refer to the subject; so he was obliged to continue in a state of suspense, each day expecting some further development that might more entirely overturn his plans. He was in a continual mental fever, nervous and restless; and Mrs. Stanton began to fear that Jasper's health was failing, even as Anne's had done. She wondered whether his accident had anything to do with it—for he had never seemed to recover his strength entirely.

"I wish Jasper had more color. How pale he is," she said to Diana.

"Is he paler than usual?" answered Diana. "I had not noticed it."

But when awakened by Mrs. Stanton's remark to perceive that there was a change in Jasper—that he looked tired and worn, and also that he was falling into some of his old irritable manner—she was disposed to think that the accident had been more serious than they had supposed; therefore, when Mrs. Benton suggested a change, Diana found herself advocating it, and urging upon Jasper to think of himself, and take some care of his health.

"The seaside!" said Mrs. Benton. Diana's heart gave a leap. Why not Linthorpe?

Perhaps Jasper understood the sudden brightness that came into her face; for he said, with almost a shudder—

"Too cold, too cold. No, I am better where I am."

"We might go south," said Mrs. Benton.

And Diana's little flash of hope died out within her. Yet, after all, what did it matter? She should scarcely be farther off from John Carteret than she was now, and it might be good for Jasper. And she wondered if she was growing selfish. Yet it was a long time since she had seen John Carteret. She had called several times at Bickley House—ostensibly, to bring some message from Mrs. Stanton, or to make some especial inquiry as to the best method of helping some of the poor people; but, in reality, in the hope of hearing a stray word of Linthorpe news that might interest her.

In this, however, she had been disappointed; for Miss Pycroft, in the solemnity and importance she felt at having become important to the confidence of Lady Pechford—had sealed her lips and withheld her news upon the subject of John Carteret. Therefore, though Diana heard of the meeting at Cominster and of Dr. Fenithorne, of Lady Pechford, and of the visitors who happened to be at Linthorpe, she did not even hear of Bickley or Mr. Wardlaw alluded to, nor any mention of John Carteret. Miss Pycroft was keeping everything to herself, and she could burst forth in the full glory of full and complete information.

But one afternoon, not long afterwards, Diana was listlessly strolling through the village alone. She had been expecting a letter from Linthorpe, but it had not come, and she felt anxious and unhappy, and so had determined to go down to the Neris. She always felt happier after a talk with the Signora; and today she felt particularly want of consolation—a heavy cloud seemed to hang over her, and some unseen weight to press her down; whilst she had a sort of dim foreboding that everything hopeful was being swept away.

So she wandered on; and as she drew near the Neris cottage, she saw Miss Pycroft coming along with an open letter in her hand. She had just met the postman, and she had taken it from him, and was hastily reading it as she walked onwards. When she reached Diana, she stopped.

"Oh, Di! I've just got a letter from Rebecca. You will like to hear it; for it seems to be all about Mr. Carteret."

The bright look came back, and in an instant her weary face was transformed into an eager listening one— anxiously waiting for Miss Pycroft's next words.

"There's wonderful news about Mr. Carteret, Di. And yet it isn't so wonderful as it is just what Captain Standfield told us. It seems that the incumbent of St. Botolph's is quite as rich as people said, and that his daughter is very handsome. But I'll read it out of the letter if you like, Di. You and Mr. Carteret used to be such good friends, that I know you will be glad to hear."

Diana turned sick at heart. She scarcely seemed to hear what Miss Pycroft was saying. She should understand it better if she read it herself.

"Will you let me look at the letter, Miss Pycroft?" she said, involuntarily.

Miss Pycroft hesitated, for just then her eye fell upon a passage that she had not noticed before—"Don't mention this in Broadmead at present."

"Dear me, what have I done?" she said, in alarm. Rebecca says it isn't to be mentioned, and here have I been telling you all about it. What shall I do? But you won't tell any one—will you, Di? Rebecca would be so annoyed! Dear me! Dear me!"

And Miss Letty was so taken up with her own fears, that she did not perceive the white face over which Diana hastily drew her veil.

"No, Miss Letty," she managed to say. "I won't tell any one—I will promise you, quite, quite faithfully. But does Miss Pycroft say that Mr. Carteret is going to be married?"

And it seemed to her that she was speaking in a dream; and that, at the sound of her own voice, she should awake, and find it one.

"Well, no—she does not exactly say that," answered Miss Letty. "And I suppose that is the reason that she does not want it talked about at present. But she says there's no doubt of its coming to pass in the end—from all she can hear and see. And of course, for a young man without prospects, it is a most excellent thing."

"Yes," said Diana, dreamily. "I suppose we shall hear all about it when Rebecca comes home. I dare say it will be all settled by then; and then you will know about it as well as every one else. And I shouldn't be surprised if he were to ask you to be a bridesmaid."

"Oh, no—I think not."

"Well, perhaps you would hardly be an old enough friend. And yet, you know him so well when he was here. I almost wonder he did not write to tell you about it; but perhaps he will when it's all settled."

"I don't know."

And even Miss Letty, obtuse as she was, noticed a little constraint in Diana's manner; and the old theory of John Carteret's rejection sprang up in her mind, and she thought it might be wiser to say no more about it; so she turned the subject.

"You should get rid of that cold of yours, Di. You're terribly hoarse to-day."

"Am I?"

"Dreadfully, just like a raven. I'll send you some of Rebecca's cough syrup—it cures every one."

"No, don't," said Diana, feeling as though she must flee from her companion, or else betray herself. However, she managed, with a great effort, to walk on, and to speak a few more incoherent sentences; and then, to her intense relief, Miss Letty said she must turn down the Mill-pond lane, as she wanted to see a sick woman at one of the cottages there.

"And you'll be quite sure not to say a word to a single soul!" said Miss Letty, turning back for a moment.

"Quite certain," said Diana.

"Not even to Sophy, if you should see her—she would be almost as much vexed as Rebecca would be."

"No—I will not tell any one."

"That's a dear creature. I know I can trust you. Not by word, or deed, or look—remember!"

And she went away, nodding and smiling. For the next few minutes Diana was so utterly bewildered that she knew not where she was, nor what path she was taking; until she suddenly, as it seemed to her, awakened, and found herself in the pine wood, among the great tall stems; and she sat down upon a thick bed of moss, near a broken stump, and tried to recall her thoughts.

Had Miss Letty really been telling her about John Carteret, or had there been some mistake?

And looking through the arching trees, her eyes fell on the tender spikes of green, which soon would be quivering with waves of blue. How well she remembered pointing out the hyacinth glory to John Carteret not a year ago, and exactly how she had felt, and what she was thinking of; and now—

"It is not true, it is not true!" she almost shrieked. "I will not believe it, except from John Carteret himself."

Then the sound of the water slipping over the stones caught her ear. Trickle, trickle, like a mocking spirit, chattering something unintelligible. And then again she thought—as she had thought before—of Undine, and half wondered how and what that people cared to be immortal. If one had no soul, one could lie down, and be at rest. Could perfect rest come without forgetfulness? And suddenly the words came to her heart, as though a voice had spoken them—"O, that I had the wings of a dove, that I might flee away, and be at rest!"

Upward!—the dove flies upward! Whither?

"It is not true, it is not true!" she said again, as if, strengthening herself against the words she had seen in Miss Pycroft's own handwriting. Yet Miss Pycroft was a truthful person.

What should she do? Wait, wait! What else is there for man to do but wait? It is all waiting upon the earth; waiting for flight—waiting till the soul's wings are no more clogged by earth. She dipped her hand in the stream, and bared her forehead and her parched lips; and then she smoothed her hair; and, after sitting for awhile, rose up, and thought she would go home.

She could not go to the Neris now. There would be danger of betraying Miss Letty if she did so, for the Signora always knew if anything had gone wrong; and, indeed, Diana generally told her, so that she could scarcely hide this from her. No—she would not go to the Neris; she would go home and practice the new sympathy she was learning for Signor Neris. Then she need not talk to any one; and the music, perhaps, might have some soothing revelation for her—at any rate, it would prevent her having to talk to any one. For the rest, she must wait until she should hear from John Carteret again; and until then, she would believe that all that Miss Pycroft had said was false—that some singular delusion had taken possession of her, and that her next letter would contradict it all.

She sprang up—she tried to shake off her fear—she tried to be brave, to disbelieve, to be full of hope and confidence. But trying does not bear up the wings of hope; and when it comes to making an effort to command these, confidence and trust are not easy to retain.

And Diana repeating over and over again, "It is not true! It is not true!" went her way homewards.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WORKERS drop and die—the work continues. God names differently what we name "falling."

In a glory-mist His purpose veiling—One by one He moves on us bands anointed By His hands, to do our task appointed. But the dimness of our fleshly prison Hides the total splendor of the vision.

Grant us, Lord, behind that veil to feel Thee, In our humble life-work to reveal Thee; Doing what we can do, and believing One, with Thee, are giving and receiving.

IS IT SLANDER?

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Ah! Mr. Frivolous," called out an elderly dame from her seat in the second story, from whence, peering through the blinds, she kept strict watch upon her neighbor's affairs. "You'll not get them girls to talk to you much, for I told 'em you was a married man."

Mr. Frivolous, who had been trying for some time to engage the attention of a couple of young ladies, with a conspicuous want of success, answered, showing a good deal of chagrin—

"You shouldn't slander me that way, Mrs. Owl-eye; and the looks of the man, more than his words, implied that he had been 'badly told on.'"

"Slander," says Webster, "is a false tale maliciously uttered, and intended to injure the reputation of another."

Now taking up the latter clause of Webster's definition, let me ask in all seriousness, "Is it injurious to a man's reputation to be regarded as a married man? And if so, is it like disgracing to a woman to stand confessed a married woman?" One would think it was, judging by the conduct of some, of both sexes, who belong to that class.

Dear reader, please take a squint through my spy-glass, and I will show you more things, believe, "Than are dreamt of in your philosophy." You have heard the remonstrance that Mr. Frivolous sent up to Mrs. Owl-eye's series; and you will give your view of the same gentleman—way from home, with no owl, among his acquaintance, ready to pounce upon him unawares.

He is, probably, an Insurance or Sewing-machine Agent, or something of that sort; and of course, since his business takes him among strangers, and especially among the ladies, it is highly necessary that he should be faultlessly attired—to give prestige to his business, and to show that although his wife has to practice the most rigid economy, in order to make a decent appearance away from home, when, by dint of careful management, she secures a half holiday; yet, this gentleman appears every day dressed like a nabob: other agents have quite as good success in much plainer clothing; but then he does not choose to see that.

His boyish conduct and gaudy clothes strangers do not mind down at once, as a bachelor's "society" and your genuine married man is too apt to be neither jolly or genteel—and humoring the deception, he "pitches in" and has a good time with the girls. To do this, he must, of course, virtually repudiate his wife, and conceal his marriage as carefully as he would a theft, or any other dishonorable fact.

Ah, Mr. Frivolous! I imagine your marriage is a disgrace; but not to you.

And now, on the other hand, I will present you with a view of Misses Flirt, who is indeed a gay lady. You may meet her any day on your public promenade, dressed in the height of fashion, and looking as youthful as possible. Sometimes her little daughter makes one of the party; and dressed like a doll, plays no inconsiderable part in the show so kindly made gratuitous to the public: in such a case, the child is often instructed, beforehand, to call her own mother "aunt," or, perhaps, on earth, rather than the street, endearing name, "mamma." Now my dear, matronly readers, who so love to hear that blessed title pronounced in the innocent prattle of your darlings, you may well open your eyes wide in astonishment, but pray do not accuse me of romanticism, for, I know whereof I speak, and it is also a lamentable fact that such sacrilegious idiocy commences almost every community; and we can only hope that they are in a hopeless minority even among the fashionable mothers. God bless the noble woman, who is prouder of husband and baby than all earthly grandeur!

Mrs. Flirt goes to balls, and while her husband, who is generally older or more sensible than herself, hides himself in some obscure corner, or else stays at home, leaving his wife to the more delightful guardianship of some Be-fuddled society, she dances the hours away, and—"makes conquests." Blush! blush! oh, American wifehood! if you know the meaning of that term as applied to a wife in all the length and breadth of its significance to the beast. There is not a pure and honored wife in all this land who would covet the reputation of making a conquest if she knew all the hopes such a fact implies to the subject of conquest and his family.

Now, friends, you have seen a picture of each of these "disgraced beings;" shall we condemn them on this circumstantial evidence? Let us hear the defense.

Two young persons, who have been the life of every gathering, are married. Have the mystic words that made them one changed their nature also? Methinks not; and verily it seems that it might be hard for persons to drop suddenly to the position of Be-fuddled society, without a regret or a struggle. But the state of society, as a general rule in this country, makes such a process inevitable to the married people who act with perfect consistency according to the dignity of their position. I read something like the following in the newspapers about the time that the Prince of Wales returned from his visit among us. Queried the Queen's mother, "What kind of society do they have over in America?" "Pooh!" replied the Prince, "I saw none, save a few boys and girls at a party."

There it is in a nutshell. If you want to move in American society, at large, you must play "boys and girls" to some extent at least; and alas! there are found many so weak as to mistake the paste for the diamond, and barter off real happiness for its seeming.

Let us then not too rashly condemn Mr. Frivolous and Mrs. Flirt; for I strongly suspect that when the time comes which will give to a pleasant, genteel married gentleman and his beautiful wife the same chance for enjoyment that the boys and girls of the age possess, they will no longer deem it a slander to receive their proper title.

MOUSE IN THE CORNER.

SO LIKE—Last week there was a report that at Newport a French count had eloped with the wife of a New York gentleman. The news went to New York, and in twenty-four hours it is said that over a hundred desperate individuals came on suddenly to see their wives at that fashionable watering-place.

In fulfillment of a vow to be performed if her husband returned in safety from a whaling voyage, a New Bedford woman has travelled through the streets on her knees. You see she was on-knees-ly about him.

REVENGEFUL PUNISHMENTS.

WE once knew of a little child who had stolen a couple of figs off the dessert dish on the day of a dinner party. The theft was discovered, and her father made her wear the figs on a string round her neck the whole evening, with full explanations why. We heard the story when the child had grown up to be a woman, and from her own lips; and she said that to this hour she suffered from the shame of that evening; it was burnt into her, and made a wound ineffaceable for life. It was a tremendous punishment for the fault: the fault itself being in so young a child, as she was—five years old only—one that might have been punished and reformed by milder measures. It seems to have been a mistake, judging from the bitterness with which the father's character was spoken of—she said she had ceased to love him from that day—and from the stern and loveless nature of the woman herself it seemed to have cast out all softness from her.

And though, to be sure, she stole no more figs, yet she had learned her lesson of keeping her fingers from wandering into the region of forbidden delicacies at too severe a cost. The memory of humiliation is a dangerous one at all times; and on all occasions, and far more souls have been crushed by this than sins have been confirmed by over-lenience.

To destroy all self-respect is to destroy all healing power, and to prevent all possibility of a rebound. In dealing with the faulty, however hard we may be on the sin, we ought always to reserve a way of restoration to the sinner.

FAR AND NEAR.

Midnight croquet parties are the latest fashionable amusements in England. Good for the doctors.

Queen of spades—a gardener's wife. 1,574 registered letters were stolen last year.

The poet Tennyson is again idling away his time.

Sophy Sparkle says that Statoga is renowned for its curious collection of old bachelors.

The celebrated hanging tower of Pisa, Italy, threatens to fall over entirely.

Many people are wondering if 1871 is to be a great year. An exchange answers the query by saying that it is not likely to be, because this is the "current year."

There are many tales about a snake with two heads in Virginia.

A Philadelphia tough once is said to "swear like an alligator."

One of the beaux at Statoga is described by a lady correspondent as being a "pale, melancholy-looking youth, addicted to writing verses, and also perfectly versed in the art of making compliments."

A visitor to an English mad-house was taken for a lunatic and looked up.

New York nurses run races on the sidewalks with their baby carriages.

The Yankee who was "lying at the point of death," whistled it off with his jack-knife, and is now recovering.

A Georgia game of base ball broke up in the eighth inning with one arm broken, one eye put out, one jaw dislocated, and eighteen fingers "shifted."

Mrs. Petroleum Shoddy, riding past the bust of Humboldt in the Park, exclaimed with disgust: "How could they let that patent medicine man put his statue in this public place!"

When a man "puts up" at a Chicago hotel, he sees in the papers the next morning that he has "reined in his roving value at the Tremont."

Matchless Misery—A sear with nothing to light it.

Reckless lays—Bad eggs.

A reason which a philanthropist gives for "sparing the noble red man," is that we should lose the pleasantest part of our years, if we hadn't the "Indian summers" (summers.)

There is a sign on Nassau street, New York, which in the most enticing manner invites passers by to enter and partake of "Rice Pudding."

Don't a Quaker ever take off his hat to any one, mamma? "No, my dear, if he don't take off his hat to a barber, how does he ever get his hair cut?"

The editor of an Eastern paper, having received a bank-note detector, returns thanks, and modestly asks for some bank-notes upon which to test its accuracy.

What flower of beauty shall I marry? asked a young spendthrift of his military governor. To which the governor replied with a grim smile, "Marigold."

How on earth is it that, at a party, the guests grow thin after supper?

Rhode Islanders are greatly in favor of the narrow-gauge railroad, because, says an exchange, a broad gauge is apt to run through little Rhode with one rail over the border.

Frederick the Great kept an aid-de-camp to wear his shoes till he could put them on, but he sometimes wore them too long, and got a kicking for his pains.

In Pekin a newspaper of extraordinary size is published weekly on silk. It is said to have been started more than a thousand years ago.

A telegraph connects Mammoth Cave, Ky., with the outer world.

A learned man has said that the three hardest words to pronounce in the English language are, "I was mistaken."

Illinois chickens scratched up a gold watch that was lost seventeen years ago.

A late N. Y. Tribune says:—"It seems to us one of the most remarkable features of the time that so many men and women should write passable poetry, fair enough, in a day of less glut, to make a reputation. Considering the quantity, one is surprised to find the quality so clever. Every newspaper conductor receives from young people ambitious of print, packs of poetry which seems too good for the waste-basket, but which is not worth the room which it would occupy in an over-crowded journal. There is nothing for it but to say 'No!' much pain as the veto may give—there would be an avalanche of these metrical offerings otherwise."

The word "heart" is named eight hundred times in the Bible; the word "soul" four hundred and forty times; and the word "head" only eighty-three times.

Some young men are a little partial to blue-eyed maidens. Others like dark-eyed ladies. But the moon-eyed girls have the most admirers.

Those ladies who have a passion for tea parties should remember that tattle begins with T.

A young man in Portland, Me., cut off two of his toes that he might wear a small boot. He finds that he has put his foot in it.

ROLLING STOCK—CATTLE ON RAILWAYS.

In France a woman has no remedy when a man promises to marry her and doesn't. At first sight this may seem a little cruel; but practically it has the effect of doing away with what are called engagements, and there being no engagement at there to be married, marry at once, and there's an end to diplomacy.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—15,000 bbls sold at \$4.50; 5,000 for super-fine family; \$4.60; 5,000 for extra; \$4.70; 5,000 for Penna; \$4.80; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$4.90; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$5.00; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$5.10; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$5.20; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$5.30; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$5.40; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$5.50; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$5.60; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$5.70; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$5.80; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$5.90; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$6.00; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$6.10; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$6.20; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$6.30; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$6.40; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$6.50; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$6.60; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$6.70; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$6.80; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$6.90; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$7.00; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$7.10; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$7.20; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$7.30; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$7.40; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$7.50; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$7.60; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$7.70; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$7.80; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$7.90; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$8.00; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$8.10; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$8.20; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$8.30; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$8.40; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$8.50; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$8.60; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$8.70; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$8.80; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$8.90; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$9.00; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$9.10; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$9.20; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$9.30; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$9.40; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$9.50; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$9.60; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$9.70; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$9.80; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$9.90; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$10.00; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$10.10; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$10.20; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$10.30; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$10.40; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$10.50; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$10.60; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$10.70; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$10.80; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$10.90; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$11.00; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$11.10; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$11.20; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$11.30; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$11.40; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$11.50; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$11.60; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$11.70; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$11.80; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$11.90; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$12.00; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$12.10; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$12.20; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$12.30; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$12.40; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$12.50; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$12.60; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$12.70; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$12.80; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$12.90; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$13.00; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$13.10; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$13.20; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$13.30; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$13.40; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$13.50; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$13.60; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$13.70; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$13.80; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$13.90; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$14.00; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$14.10; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$14.20; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$14.30; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$14.40; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$14.50; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$14.60; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$14.70; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$14.80; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$14.90; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$15.00; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$15.10; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$15.20; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$15.30; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$15.40; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$15.50; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$15.60; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$15.70; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$15.80; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$15.90; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$16.00; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$16.10; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$16.20; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$16.30; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$16.40; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$16.50; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$16.60; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$16.70; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$16.80; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$16.90; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$17.00; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$17.10; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$17.20; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$17.30; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$17.40; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$17.50; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$17.60; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$17.70; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$17.80; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$17.90; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$18.00; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$18.10; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$18.20; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$18.30; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$18.40; 5,000 for Penna and Western family; \$18.50; 5,000 for Penna and Western family;

UNWRITTEN.

BY FLORENCE MERCY.

Oh, then beloved, who shouldst have been mine own,
Serenely beautiful and wise and strong,
Conquer when my life has never known,
How have I missed thee, meeting thee alone
All my life long?

Somewhere upon the wide and misty track,
I strayed behind, or did not wait for thee;
And so must always mourn my bitter lack,
For on this weary road we go not back.

Ah, was it me!

Often, with sorely hardened heart and mind
When there was none to aid or understand,
How I have groped with tears, alone and blind,
In the thick darkness, longing but to find
Thy helpful hand!

For I believed that Love is doubly armed
Against all woes, and with unshaken
breath
Could pass through pain and suffering un-
alarmed;
Could take up poisonous things and not be
harm'd.

And dare even death.

"And how shall Love, immortal and sub-
lime,"
I said, "be hindered of its best estate
By any petty chance of space or time?"
Alas! my life has lost its freshest prime,
And still I wait.

How beautiful our mingled lives had been,
Had we but found each other in our youth!
The world had grown, despite its stain and sin,
Sweeter because we two had lived therein
Our utter truth.

Then all the myriad ills which Fate contrives
Wherewith to fret men's hearts, to us had
been
But notes along the sunshine of our lives;
Naught could have harmed us, since the true
soul thrives
By discipline.

Then this unending toil and ceaseless toils
Had never marred my life; the hindering
load
Of worldly circumstance, of gain or loss,
Had seemed to us but cobwebs, stretched
across
Our upward road.

Where art thou, love? Far as the farthest
pole,
Hast thou, too, vaguely dreamed of what
should be?
Or, mated early with some feeble soul,
Hast straggled with thy bonds in grief and
dole.

Longing for me?

I had been more than all the world to thee,
So proudly tender, so entirely true,
So wise and tireless in my ministry,
More dear than any other soul could be,
All my life through.

Alas! the sun's last glimmering has faded
The highest mountains—tops to gold; and
now
The crimson west has changed to amethyst,
And all the vale is dim with chilly mist,
But where art thou?

Too late! too late! the darkness gathereth,
And the night falls, pitiless and dumb;
I cannot reach thee with this hopeless breath;
But when I walk the other side of death,
Will thou not come?

PRACTICAL NOTES

FOR

FUTURE CALIFORNIA TOURISTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY A LADY.

No. 6.

The Petrified Trees.—The Geysers.

When arranging our trip to the Geysers, we decided to go by way of Calistoga, and were advised by our friends to return by the old road known as the "hog's back," to Hillsburg, though Mr. Fox, who appeared to be the Major-General of the route, might object to our doing so. Feeling quite sure we could control our course, the going tickets were purchased by the Calistoga route, and at eight o'clock, A. M., we took a first-class steamboat, and had a fine sail up the bay to Vallejo, where we met the car which were to carry us to Calistoga.

Our ride took us through the Napa Valley, which is under fine cultivation, and at one o'clock we reached our point of destination for the night. At this place there is a moderately good hotel, with several cottages scattered about to accommodate guests. There are also hot mineral springs, and bath houses. With proper attention, this might prove a very pleasant summer resort for those who seek a change, and I found there were many who did. I met with those who said they really felt the need of being heated sufficiently to create some moisture in the skin—for in San Francisco one never could perspire unless through severe exertion. It was a new experience for me, to find ladies and children in search of warm weather the last of June.

Soon after our arrival at Calistoga, we heard the remark "here comes Fox," and, following others, stepped forward and saw an open stage, drawn by six horses, rapidly coming up the avenue, whirled around a circle, and brought up to the door with as much ease as though it were one horse. The driver sat indifferently calm, as though it were a small matter to do, and the passengers all, hied.

The driver was the great Fox, noted for his skill, and who we were told might not approve of our plan, but whose power I did not fully appreciate. I was presented to him after dinner, and it was arranged that I was to sit by his side the next morning, that being the day of honor when "en route" for the Geysers.

child, no companion; he and his dog share life together in this isolated spot. He is constantly discovering some new specimen of petrification, and is interested in showing them to strangers. This spot is well worthy of a visit; here are most wonderful specimens of trees that have artistically petrified while standing, and then fallen, centuries ago, for there are formations of soil and rock covering portions of them, and they are being dug around so that you see their position. On some the bark still remains only partially petrified. There are no trees standing at the present time in any stage of petrification; a new growth entirely now forms the forest. The present owner has been offered a large sum for this property, but he purchased it for a home, and were it not that he feels he has no right to deprive the world of the sight of these wonderful relics, he would prefer that strangers should not visit the place.

A man who so loves solitude, must have his own heart's history, and I could but feel that Nature was strange, and often produced strange results in people's lives. Our ride back to the hotel was all that heart could wish. The St. Helena mountain towering above, Napa valley lying at its base, trees and shrubs tinted with sunset light, and birds singing their evening songs. Fox told me to convey in words, or artist with his brush, the beauty God so lavishly bestows on those who will open their hearts to His bounties. Driving up to the little cottage which was our home for the night, we alighted, feeling our afternoon had been well spent.

Awakened early the following morning by the singing of the birds, we were all ready for the anticipated drive with Fox. I mounted up by his side. The morning was bright and cool. At the first crack of the whip, the six mustangs bounded off like an arrow from a bow. Such a gay, exhilarating ride inspired us with new life. We made the first twelve miles in one hour and five minutes, and most of the distance was a gradual ascent. At this point a fresh supply of horses was procured, and then commenced the heavier grade. The entire road is in good order, and is owned by the proprietors of the stage line, who hold control of it to the exclusion of all other vehicles if they so wish. Fox is the known representative and principal proprietor, a fine horseman, having his horses under perfect control. When I would compliment him, after turning some short curve, he managing his six horses as one, he would reply, "Wait till you see them on the mountain, then you will see driving." Hoping to return the other way, I would make no reply, but wait my time to speak upon the subject as advised.

Upon reaching a place on the way which they call Pine Plain, it being an open space, we there change stages, Mr. Fox transferring us to the charge of another, he taking the return passengers, and drives them back to Calistoga. While waiting for the other stage, we being ahead of time, it was proposed that I should brook the subject of "Hog's Back." At once a cloud came over the face of our driver, and his manner changed to indignation when I said, "Mr. Fox, we do not wish to return this way, we want to see all we can, therefore we prefer the other route." He looked at me "real cross," as children say, and said, "Who put that in your head? You don't know what you are talking about. It is an awful road on stock, on people, on everything. You can't go. I can't send you." I replied by saying, "I thought I only had to express the wish to Mr. Fox, and he would see that I was accommodated. That others had gone over the road only the week before." His answer was, "Oh! you came across them things, did you?" I replied, "Yes, sir, and both ladies and gentlemen said it was a beautiful ride, that we ought not to fail to see it." An English gentleman, standing near, the only witness to our conversation, as we stood apart from the others, said, "I purchased a ticket to return that way, with an express understanding to that effect. Why do you still them so?" The only answer was, "I cannot send you."

It was no use to talk any longer, and the stage coming up, we parted, and taking another front seat, by the side of another driver, found there were others who handled four horses as well as he did six—for we went plunging down the mountain, turning curve after curve at a reckless rate, yet had no fear, for our driver proved his skill. At times we were on the brink of a precipice, again we looked down into the Russian River and Santa Rosa valley, and last we landed in front of a nice, cozy-looking place, where a lady steps out to meet us, as they do in the old country on arriving at a hotel. It gives a pleasant welcome, to have one of your own sex thus meet you.

This place is the Geysers. It is a quiet, home-like spot. At once you feel that it would like to linger here and rest awhile, if time were not limited. The host is a German, and does all in his power to accommodate his guests. We enjoyed the comfort of his good, clean beds—a real luxury in travel.

At five the next morning, we were awakened by a Chinaman that we might get a cup of coffee before visiting the Springs. The early morning is the best time for the view, there is more steam issuing from them. One must be provided with a good stout pair of boots and a bloomer dress, or quite a short walking dress that cannot be injured, for it is a damp walk over mineral rocks; but steam issuing from them everywhere. Taking staff in hand you start for the Canon, which is a mysterious place—much outpouring of steam, and rumbling, hollow sounds. The guide pointed out the devil's office—a deep cavern under immense rocks; then his inkstand, a pool of black ink which one can write with, and it always used there for the purpose; then his pulpit, a projecting rock with steam foundation—in truth steam issues from every place; you seem to be walking upon rock, but upon running your staff into it you find it crumbles, and steam rushes out; and if you drop a heavy weight, the earth trembles and sends hot air. At one spot the steam sends like a steamboat, at another a whistle is constantly blown. The vapor is very nauseating to many, so strong does it smell of sulphur and other minerals. There is a diversity of opinions regarding the cause of all these results; and when scientific men disagree, it seems presumptions for me to offer suggestions. Many believe at some future time a great volcano will open—others that there will be a deep chasm formed—but to me it seems most rational that the water passing over a great variety of mineral substances, produces the same result that it would have if poured upon lime, sticking the earth, as it were, in the very mountain crumple, and sending forth column after column of steam. Upon inquiry we found we were not able to

procure any other mode of conveyance from the Geysers than that the great Fox chose to provide, although fifty dollars was offered to one of his drivers to carry us over the route which we wished to return. But it so happened no stage came from Hillsburg, the point we desired to make, therefore we decided to take, and taking the same stage returned to Pine Plain, where we met the General commanding. To my surprise he asked me if I should like to sit up front. I said I should—my manner was not very genial, and I made no opening speech. After the first grand descent he asked, "Isn't that fine?" I then calmly opened the batteries of indignation and replied, "Yes, Mr. Fox, it is fine, and the day is beautiful, and you drive handsomely; but you know I did not want to come this way. You had us in your power, you knew it, and we know it; but in disappointing me, you only disappointed one, whereas my experience may add pleasure to others, for I will tell everybody how to do. We were not posted. We ought to have refused to leave Calistoga till you had telegraphed the stage from Hillsburg to meet us, or have remained at the Geysers, if time allowed, till a stage brought passengers, then taken possession of it. We tourists come to see, and expect to pay for sight-seeing; we are not accustomed to be dictated to as to our choice of routes. We would rather take a rougher road, if the view is finer. You wish to bring the travel over this new road, that has cost you \$300,000, but a railroad up the valley might give us more comfort, and your skillful driving be hidden forever, unless some should feel as I do, that I would prefer the mountain road." Mr. Fox and I gave free expression to our thoughts; but on reaching the end of the ride, I feel free in saying I think he would gladly have paid for my passage over the old road; and I tell all you, my readers, to benefit by my experience, for those I have met since who took the journey, say it is a wonderful trip, and I feel that no parting salutation that Mr. Fox seemed glad to offer, can ever wipe out the disappointment he caused me. No one like a to be forced to go a certain route, especially one of my sex; though I will admit him with feeling great regret at not sending me, for surely it would have been much pleasanter in the results to him.

On our return to San Francisco, we again went to our old quarters at the Grand Hotel; and it was with a sort of home feeling we crossed the threshold of our room, which we left again in a few days for the Big Trees and the Yosemite Valley.

IN THE DARK.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY CLIO STANLEY.

Charlie Wetherell, the rich young widower, sat on the piazza of the Crofton House, lazily smoking his cigar, and wishing he had something better to do. By sheer persistence, his merry little sister-in-law had dragged him, as she forcibly expressed herself, to the mountains. It was true that he had halted at every little wayside station, trying, by means fair and unfair, to detain her from the journey's end; for he knew she was plotting to take him by surprise, and introduce him to some one out of her multitude of fair friends, in hope of inducing him to marry again.

At length, only two weeks before, they had arrived at the very top of the mountain, at the Crofton House, where the air was so invigorating, and the scenery so select. Both of which assertions might be true; only he did not care a farthing for the truth or falsity of the latter.

Perhaps I ought to say And not cared; for he woke one morning and went out on his usual ramble to meet the beautiful Miss Larcom and her cousin—the blue-eyed Faith Darley—and he had not once wished himself at home since.

That afternoon, as he was wishing for some better company than his sister, he caught sight of those two young ladies coming up the walk; Miss Larcom, cool and self-possessed as usual, and Faith, brimming over with happy laughter, as her fair hands were running over with blossoms.

"You don't know how much you have lost, Mr. Wetherell," said Josie Larcom gayly, becoming suddenly exhilarated, as she saw who was watching them. "We have been into the woods, Faith and I, and have brought home our trophies!"

"The woods won't melt away over night," he returned laughing.

"No, of course not," she said. But he detected, in Faith's expressive eyes, a recognition of his wish.

"Then why can't we go again? Have you ladies ever been in the woods at sunrise?"

Miss Larcom acknowledged that she had not, while Faith asked a little doubtfully, "Have you, Mr. Wetherell?"

"You ask me not to ask such an ungenerous question, Miss Darley," he replied; "but I see you can read faces."

Faith blushed, and then tried to hide her blushes in the beautiful bouquet she carried. "Faith goes to the woods every morning, but I never can wake so early," said Miss Larcom.

"Suppose we try it to-morrow morning. Miss Darley can show us the way, I am sure. Her face will light the dark, if it is as bright then as it is now."

"Thank you," said Faith, disappearing with her fragrant burden, while her cousin waited to make the required promise, before she followed her upstairs.

"Faith, darling," she called, "where are you?" And then he heard her light steps dying away in the sunny silence.

"Faith, darling," he murmured to himself. "It was a sweet sound, but Miss Larcom is such a sweet voice, it makes even common words musical! If I only knew—" he added thoughtfully. "I suppose my sister-in-law would say, 'Of course you are in love with Miss Larcom!'"

And lighting another cigar, he leaned back in his chair, and surrendered himself to pleasant reveries.

It was early in the morning, the hour between the daylight and the dark, when Charlie Wetherell awoke to remember that he was going to the woods—and a pleasant reflection—that two pretty women were to go with him.

"I don't know as I care much about the flowers," he said, half-laughing; "but if I can gather one sweet blossom to bloom on my delicate friends, I think next year may be a sadder year than the last. It is a pity, though, that I am so thoroughly in the dark as to what their feelings are!"

And with a little sigh of regret for the days that were past, he left his room, going quietly down stairs and out on the piazza to wait the arrival of Miss Larcom and her cousin, pretty Faith Darley.

Without knowing it he had taken a chair directly against Miss Larcom's window; but the shutters were closed, and each was ignorant of the other's proximity until Charlie Wetherell was startled almost out of his self-possession by the sound of a woman's voice.

"Come, Josie, don't you know we are bound for the woods again this morning? You must get up if you don't want to disappoint Mr. Wetherell."

"But Mr. Wetherell and his romantic notions," was the unexpected reply. "If he wasn't worth half a million I wouldn't trouble myself to get up at this time of day!"

"Oh, Josie, how can you speak in such a way? You surely esteem Mr. Wetherell for more than his money?"

"How earnest you are, my dear cousin! If you believed it would avail anything, I presume you would enter the lists to-morrow!"

"I will not stay and listen to you, Josie! I shall wait for you on the piazza."

Fifteen minutes later, when Charlie Wetherell came down stairs the second time, he found both ladies waiting; Miss Larcom with her face wreathed in smiles, and Faith Darley, with a little frown on her fair brow, and a tender, wistful look on the red lips.

"Are you not well, Miss Darley?" asked our hero, going over to where she stood. But it was Miss Larcom who answered him. In an even, sweet voice.

"Faith quarrelled with me because I was lazy and didn't want to get up; I assure you, Mr. Wetherell, flowers were no temptation to me this morning!"

"And you only came because you had compassion on my loneliness then?"

"Yes," she said softly, casting her blue eyes shyly down before his steady gaze.

If she had seen the look he bent on Faith a moment later, I do not think she would have thought it worth her while to go to the woods.

Two hours later they returned with hands full of flowers, and Mrs. Dick Wetherell, who met them at the door, threw her arms about Miss Larcom's slender waist, declaring aloud that she had never before seen her look so charming.

But there was another face more charming than her brother's yet; other pale cheeks that grew rosy at his approach; and before the summer was ended that fair flower Faith Darley, was transplanted to a home of her own, where she bloomed for her lover all the year through.

But she has never heard how near her husband once came to making a leap in the dark!

VERY SIMPLE.

BY ANNA C. BRACKETT.

How did I know that she loved me?
I opened the door,
And sunlight flashed from her eyes and
hair;
Sudden it broke,
Before I spoke,
From forehead, and eyes, and trembling
lips,
From even the delicate finger-tips
That she laid in my hand so free.

How did I know that I loved her?
I opened the door,
And she strobed through me o'er and
o'er;
Sudden it broke,
Before she spoke,
In head, and heart, and bewildered brain,
So sweet, so sweet, it was almost pain,
As I gave my hand to her.

About Smoking.

A curious investigator has gathered a great number of facts relative to smokers. Ben Jonson lived the "d'vine weed," and describes its every accident with the gusto of a connoisseur. Hobbes smoked after his early dinner pipes (innumerable). Milton never went to bed without a pipe and a glass of water. Sir Isaac Newton was smoking in his garden at Woolthorpe when the apple fell. Addison had a pipe in his mouth at all hours, at "Bute's."

Fielding both smoked and chewed. Shelley never smoked, nor Wordsworth, nor Keats. Coleridge, when cured of opium, took to snuff. Campbell loved a pipe. Sir Walter Scott smoked in his carriage, and regularly after dinner, loving both pipes and cigars. Byron wrote about "sundown tobacco," but was not an excessive smoker. Goethe did not smoke, nor did Shakespeare. Carlyle, now past 70, has been a sturdy smoker for years. Alfred Tennyson is a persistent smoker of some 40 years. Dickens, Jerrold and Thackeray all puffed. Lord Lytton loves a long pipe at night, and cigars by day. Lord Houghton smoked moderately. The late J. M. Kemble, author of "The Seasons in England," was a tremendous smoker. Moore cared not for it; indeed, Irish gentlemen smoked much less than English. Wellington shunned it; so did Peel. Disraeli loved the long pipe in his youth, but in his middle age pronounced it "the tomb of love." The same writer gives the following advice to smokers:

1. Never smoke when the pores are open. They absorb, and you are unfit for decent society. Be it your study ever to discount the no-ces of strangers. First impressions are sometimes permanent, and you may lose a useful acquaintance.

2. Learn to smoke slowly. Cultivate "calm and intermittent puffs."—WALTER SCOTT.

3. On the first symptoms of expectoration lay down the pipe or throw away the cigar; long-continued expectoration is destructive to yourself and revolting to every spectator.

4. Let an interval elapse between the filling of succeeding pipes.

5. Clean your tube regularly, and your amber mouthpiece with a feather, dipped in spirits of lavender. Never suffer the conduit to remain discolored or stuffed.

6. A German receiver can be washed out like a tea-cup, and the oil collected is of value, but a merechaum should never be washed. A small sponge at the end of a wire dipped in sweet oil should be used carefully and persistently round and round, coating out any hard concretions, till the inside be smooth in its dark polished grain, or a rich mahogany tint. The outside also should be well polished with sweet oil and stale milk, then redeveloped in chamois leather. The rich dark coloring is the pledge of your safety—better than than darkening your own brains.

General Sherman is planning for a grand buffalo hunt for the Grand Duke Alexis and his suite.

IDA'S LOVERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY T. J. CHAMBERS.

"Oh, I loved in my youth a lady fair,
For her azure eyes and her golden hair."

High and clear, the sweet tenor voice rang out through the brooding, frosty air. It was an October morning; the woods were glorious in crimson and gold, the fields were white with frost, and the wind, cool and delicious, blew gently from the west, carrying brims and strength to frames debilitated by summer's sultry heat.

"Who is that singing?" called Ida Miller, from the bow of a Chestnut tree, to her cousin Lou seated underneath, gathering up the bright nuts as they fell.

"I don't know; it's some fellow over in the next field. He's a good singer; hope he won't come along this way. Give that bough another shake, Ida," replied Lou.

Ida did so, and the note came down in a torrent. Deeply absorbed in gathering them into her basket, Lou Miller did not look up until her cousin called again, in a half-frightened voice.

"Lou, as sure as you live, that fellow is coming directly towards us; he sees the limbs quaking, I suppose, and wants some chestnuts. He's a young man, in a brown suit, with a gun on his shoulder, and oh! so good-looking!"

"Hush, he'll hear you," said Lou. "Come down, quick, before he gets here."

"Not I," replied Ida. "I can't get down, without climbing all the way back along this slender branch. I'm going to hide in the leaves until he passes."

"Oh, Ida, come down; he'll see you, anyhow, and a pretty figure you'll cut, perched up there like a squirrel; come down, quick," coaxed Lou.

"I won't, I tell you; I've got a secure resting-place, and I'm going to remain here."

Meanwhile the stranger approached and saluted Lou Miller with a graceful bow and a pleasant "good morning," which the lady returned as gracefully.

He was wonderfully good-looking; at least so thought little Ida Miller, surveying him from her airy outlook. A tall, erect form; brown hair, glossy and curling; frank, laughing blue eyes and handsome lips, adorned by a drooping, light brown moustache. Surveying to a branch over-
head, his eyes caught the little figure of Ida hid among the leaves. Raising his rifle to his shoulder, he said, laughing,

"Is that lawful game, or do your laws in this state forbid the shooting of such rare and beautiful birds?"

Lou laughed.

"Our laws forbid it, certainly," she replied.

Poor Ida was covered with confusion when she found herself discovered; and in endeavoring to change her position, her feet slipped from the main branch, and she only saved herself from falling by grasping a slender branch with both hands. This bent with her weight, and she found herself swinging "between heaven and earth," but fortunately only a few feet from earth. The young man caught her in his arms, and deposited her safely on solid ground. Between fright and shame, the poor girl was speechless; she could only glance shyly at the stranger, while hot blushes dyed her face and neck.

The young man regarded Ida's very face with undiminished admiration. Never, he thought, had he seen any one half so lovely. Her short, curling hair, black as jet, hung in picturesque confusion over neck and forehead; her cheeks were red as June roses; while the great brown eyes above them were half filled with tears, and the sweet lips beneath parted in a beautiful smile. Her small, but round and graceful figure, was clad in a exquisitely cutting dress, revealing feet and ankles of exquisite mould and fairly like proportions. Lou broke the embarrassing silence by turning into a ringing laugh, in which the others joined heartily.

"You must not undertake climbing again, my girl, or you will be certain to break your neck," said Lou.

"But the chestnuts—I'd only get one branch shaken," replied Ida, ruefully.

"Well, we must let the squirrels have them, I suppose."

"By no means, ladies," said the stranger. "I am a good climber, and will gladly shake the tree for you, if you wish it."

"We would be much obliged to you, but the trouble would be too great."

"No trouble at all, I assure you," he said, taking off his coat; and in a moment he was gliding up the tree with the ease and agility of a squirrel. The bright nuts came rattling down like a shower of hail, and soon the ground was almost covered. To gather them up was a work of time, and I am afraid the young man did but little good in filling the basket, for he kept up such a constant conversation that they gave but little attention to the business on hand. And I think that little Ida almost lost her tender heart as she watched his handsome face, and listened to his pleasant, musical voice. The baskets were filled at last, however, and the young ladies were ready to go home.

"Can you tell me where Dr. Miller lives?" asked the young man, throwing his rifle on his shoulder, and taking a good long look at pretty Ida.

"I ought to be able to do so, as he is my father," laughed Lou.

"Your father? Then you are my cousin, Louisa," said the stranger, in a pleased tone. "My name is Louisa; but I don't think you can be my cousin, as I never saw you before."

"Yes, you have, but you have forgotten me. I am Kate Darrel—cousin Kate, whom you used to play with when you were a very young lady, in short dresses. I have been in foreign countries for ten years, so of course you don't recognize me."

"But I do, now. Your eyes and smile are just the same. Oh, cousin Kate, I am very glad to see you, after all these years, and they shook hands heartily."

"Is this your sister?" asked Kate, looking at Ida, and holding out to her hand.

"My cousin, Ida Miller, my father's niece, and therefore a real friend to you. I have no sister."

"I hope we shall be friends, Miss Ida, if we are not cousins," said Kate, preening her little head, and smiling down on her blushing face.

"Of course you will go home with us," said Lou.

"Yes, I ran down here from the city for a week's shooting, this beautiful weather, and I intend staying at your father's, if you will tolerate me."

"We will be glad enough to have you there. And we must be going, for it is nearly dinner time, and this bracing air gives one an appetite."

"It does indeed. I, at least, feel a strong desire to taste some of my aunt's excellent dishes."

Dr. Miller and his wife were greatly delighted to see their favorite but long-absent nephew, and gave him a hearty welcome. The doctor was a retired physician, living on an elegant farm not far from a large city. He was a jovial old man, disposed to take life easy. His daughter Louisa was his only child; but he loved his brother's orphan, little Ida, as much as he did his own child, and treated her the same in every respect.

The weather continuing clear, cool, and delicious, Rafe Daniel enjoyed some fine sport among squirrel and quail, which were exceedingly plentiful in wood and field; but in spite of these attractions, he spent a large portion of his time in the house, or in walking with the young ladies. I suspect that Ida's brown eyes and cherry cheeks influenced the handsome young man a good deal.

But the course of true love never does run smooth; and ere long he discovered that he had a rival, in the person of a stalwart young farmer named John Gordon, who walked into the parlor one evening, dressed in his best. Daniel saw at once, by his manner, that he was little Ida's "beau." The knowledge did not please him, and he retired to his room in a fit of the blues.

"What's the chief cause of this booby to like?" he said confidentially to his pillow. "But what difference does it make to me? Am I in love with this little country maiden? Yes, I am; and would marry her to-morrow, if she would have me. Aye, there's the rub—will she have me? I believe she would learn to love me, if that confounded fellow would keep out of the way. Certainly she doesn't love him, for he's ugly as sin. I guess I had better wait awhile, and see how matters go on; and if she isn't actually engaged to that fellow, I'll cut him out by Jove, if I can."

With which counsel reflection he went to sleep.

Another week passed without Daniel having decided whether or not he could "cut out" the young farmer. Sometimes he teased Ida about him, but she speedily got into a bad humor, and vowed that she cared nothing at all for him—whereas Daniel, with his knowledge of women, could not believe.

One morning, being in a particularly down-hearted mood, he took his rifle and started for the woods to renew his acquaintance with the squirrels. He had not gone far ere he heard voices, which he recognized as belonging to Ida and her lover.

"All's fair in love and war," he said to himself; and approaching as near as he dared, he crouched behind a log, and peered through the foliage at the lovers—if such they were. They were seated on a fallen tree-trunk; Ida's face was averted, but Gordon wore an expression of mingled anger and sorrow.

"You liked me well enough," he said, in a reproachful voice, "until that fellow from the city came down here. I suppose you think you'll get him now, and may-be you can; but it's my opinion you'll get no great prize, anyhow."

"You are no gentleman," retorted Ida, angrily, "to slander an absent person. I never expect to get Mr. Daniel; but that is no reason why I should marry you."

"I didn't mean to say anything against him; I don't know anything about him; but oh! Ida, he doesn't love you as I do! Only think how we played together as children, and how I have loved you ever since, caring nothing for any one else."

"I am sorry for you, John, if you love me as you say," replied Ida, gently. "But I can never care for you only as a friend, and it would be wrong to marry you."

"You never can love me as I love you?"

"I never can, John."

"Then good-by," said the honest fellow, rising to his feet, and holding Ida's hands in his, while his mournful eyes, filled with tears, met hers. "I shall never trouble you any more. I am rough and ugly, I know, but I loved you truly. Will you let me kiss you once, for the first time and the last?"

"As a friend, you may, John," said Ida, pitying his sorrowful face.

"As the only woman I shall ever love!" he said passionately, catching her to his breast for a moment; then he released her, and disappeared without another word.

Daniel pined the poor youth sincerely, but at the same time his heart beat high with the joy of renewed hope, and approaching the spot where Ida was still seated, he sat down by her side. The beautiful girl blushed scarlet and would have fled, but he detained her by clasping her hands in his own.

"I met your friend, Mr. Gordon, a moment ago," said Rafe, mischievously, "and he seemed to be terribly downcast about something. What is the matter with him?"

"How should I know?" replied Ida, trying to withdraw her hands.

"But to be talking with you; I heard your voices. He looked like I fancy a man would who has proposed to the woman he loves, and has been rejected. Did you refuse him?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because I think you treat him badly, little girl. He is a good fellow, and loves you devotedly. If you knew how you hurt his feelings, you would not treat him so."

"It seems to me you concern yourself a good deal about that man's affairs," said Ida, growing indignant and almost ready to cry. "What difference does it make to you?"

"Well, my darling, I love you so myself that I can feel for others who love you, as I fear I do, hopelessly. Dear little Ida, can you ever care for me, or must I, like poor Gordon, kiss you and depart forever?"

Ida gazed earnestly upon him for a moment; then, smiling with joy, she threw her arms round his neck and hid her blushing face on his shoulder.

"That's right, little girl," said Rafe. "Do you know, when I held you in my arms under the chestnut tree, I vowed that they should be your resting place through life."

"And I loved you at first sight, too," confessed Ida, shyly.

"Even so, darling. If we do not love at first sight, we never will love at all," said Rafe, kissing her lips.

With which little bit of very doubtful philosophy he will leave them.

THE FIVE-AND-TWENTY YEARS.

BY A. S. HOOKER.

Sitting upon our cottage stoop,
By autumn maples shaded,
I call the gentle vicissitudes
That time had nearly faded.
The evening light comes from the west
In streams of golden glory;
So fold your head, love, on my breast,
And hear my olden story.

'Tis five-and-twenty years, my dear,
Since, hearts and hands together,
We launched our bark, the ocean clear
And all serene the weather.
With simple trust in Providence,
We set the sails upon her;
My fortune, hope and common sense,
Your dowry, love and honor.

For five-and-twenty years, my dear,
The billows lightly skimming,
One day the skies grew dark and drear,
Our eyes and spirits dimming.
How dark that night from forth overhead,
When hope forever no more,
And we bade our firstling dead
Drink our first cup of sorrow.

'Tis five-and-twenty years, my dear,
Yet move's in our dwelling,
The children's prattle that we hear
About our heartbroken swelling.
God bless them all, the loving band
So glad to call you mother;
With heart to heart and hand to hand
Clinging to one another.

Through five-and-twenty years, my dear,
When'er my arm was weary,
And scarce I knew the way to steer,
Your words were ever cheery.
When mid the tempest and the night,
With courage sorely shrinking,
Then on our way God gave us light
That kept our faith from sinking.

'Tis five-and-twenty years, my dear,
Slight change in you revealing;
But 'twas my love—you see them here—
The silver hairs are stealing.
Yet let them come, while still thy breast
Retains the fond emotion
That nerved my arm when first we prest
Our way out on life's ocean.

DENE HOLLOW.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF

"EAST LYNNE," &c.

[The advance sheets of this story have been purchased by Mrs. Wood for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE WEDDING DAY.

Snow, snow, nothing but snow. It lay on the ground as persistently as though it meant to stay with the world forever. The tops of the houses at Worcester; the distant Malvern Hills; the trees and hedges, the fields and daisies intervening between each, and the whole vast surrounding landscape presented a surface whiter than the whitest alabaster.

In the drawing-room at Mrs. Arde's was a motley company. Motley in regard to appearance. For while some of them wore the gala attire suitable for a marriage, others presented quite an ordinary appearance. Take Captain Clanswaring, for instance: he was in his ordinary costume; May, on the contrary, had on a homely dress of ruby stuff. The Lady Lydia Clanswaring was resplendent in shining silk and lace. Mrs. Arde and her sister were in morning gowns. Otto Clanswaring was attired to match his brother. Ch.lotte Scrope, the bride-maid, a pretty girl of eighteen, was plain as the bride.

For this was Tuesday, the wedding morning; and the great question agitating those assembled, together with two or three others not necessary to mention, was—should the marriage take place, or should it not.

When the previous day, Monday, did not bring Mr. Arde, and it was likewise known that none of the London mails or other coaches, due some days now, had reached Worcester, the Hall fell into real consternation. Captain Clanswaring protested most strongly against the ceremony being delayed, even though Tuesday morning should not bring the Squire; but Mrs. Arde answered to this, warmly enough, that with-out her husband there could be no marriage, as he was bringing the license with him. May said little on the Monday for or against; nothing indeed; for she assumed to a certainty that she could not be married under these drawbacks. The dinner had been held the previous night, and was somewhat of a failure in its master's absence. Some of the guests, too, could not get there for the snow. Mrs. Arde presided; and her sister, who was staying with them, helped her to make the best of it. And on Tuesday came in; and had not brought the Squire. Mrs. Arde then despatched hasty messengers to as many friends bidden to the marriage as were within reach, to say it would not take place that day. Sir Dene was progressing favorably; but Mr. Prior, together with the physician called in from Worcester, enjoined the strictest quiet.

Captain Jarvis Clanswaring was on the wing early on his part. While it was yet dark he quitted Bechhurst Dene, rode into Worcester, and procured a license. By ten o'clock he was at home again, somewhat sooner than he had hoped, and brought word that the weather was breaking up.

"I cannot risk the chance of its being delayed even for a day," he observed in some agitation to his mother, as he went to attire himself for the ceremony. And my Lady Lydia answered of course not; though perhaps she had no idea of the imminent peril he was in. No Captain Clanswaring was driven to the Hall, the license in his hand; and my Lady, with the rest of the company at Bechhurst Dene, speedily followed. His dismay was excessive when he found the ladies not dressed, and Mrs. Arde quietly saying there could be no wedding that day.

"It is cruel, cruel!" spoke the captain to Mrs. Arde—and his agitation, that he could not quite disguise, spoke volumes in that lady's mind for the depth of his love.

"There is no impediment now: here's the license; and perhaps by the time we are at the church Mr. Arde will be here, for the roads are wonderfully becoming traversable. Don't, don't put off the wedding; it always brings ill-luck. Let Mrs. Arde drive."

Mrs. Arde glanced at her daughter, as much as to ask what her decision should be—at least, the sanguine captain so interpreted it. Mary, calm as the snow outside and perhaps as cold, shook her head. "No, no," was all she said.

"But Mar, my dear May, surely—"

"No, not without papa," interrupted May, cutting short the big-room's remonstrance; and this time her voice took a tone of fear. "I will not be married in this assembly. My father may not be safe."

In Captain Clanswaring's angry vexation he gave vent to a word, spoken contemptuously. "Safe!" Recalling himself on the instant, he softly implored her not to persist in her decision, not to invoke ill-luck upon their union. May remained quietly firm; and to the captain's annoyed fancy, it almost seemed that she was glad of the repulse.

At that moment, the church bells burst out a merry peal. Mrs. Arde, though she had sent to the clergyman and forgotten to send to the clerk. That functionary had gone to the church with the bell-ringers, expecting the wedding party every minute; and this was the result. Captain Clanswaring, unmindful of the cold, threw up the window at which they were standing.

"Listen, May! Surely you will not let them ring for nothing."

"Indeed, and I think the wedding ought to be to-day, my dear," spoke up old Miss Clewer, from her large white quilted satin bonnet, and gray dress of twisted silk. "As my grand-nephew observes, a put-off wedding sometimes brings all luck; it has resulted within my own knowledge in there being none at all."

An avowed supporter of the bridegroom, flushing his pale face to a hot crimson, Lady Lydia came to the rescue: not attacking the decision of May, but of Mrs. Arde. But the lady proved to be as firm as her daughter. She had never had any intention of being otherwise.

"My dear Lady Lydia, you ask an impossibility. I listed to Captain Clanswaring yesterday that the deeds of settlement were not signed: cannot be until the arrival of Mr. Arde; and now you oblige me to speak out. Were it my daughter's own wish that the ceremony should be solemnized, I could not accede to it. She cannot marry until the completion of the settlements."

Mrs. Arde spoke very decidedly. She had of course rights on her side, and her child's interests to see to. Failing her settlement, all that May possessed would become the property of the gallant captain. Even he and his mother could not decently urge that. No more was to be said. It would only be putting off the wedding for a day, as everybody agreed, say until the morrow: now that the weather was breaking, a few hours would no doubt bring the Squire. Captain Clanswaring, terribly giddy, had to submit: but he did it with a bad grace, not owing to conceal his mortification. As to the barister, Otto, he had not spoken a word for or against it.

And so the bells, clanging out in their innocence, clanged out still, unconscious that there was no wedding to ring for. It had the effect of calling innumerable guests to the church, from far and near. A report had gone about the previous night that perhaps the ceremony might be postponed if the Squire did not arrive; but when the bells were heard, it was assumed to be taking place.

"Do send to stop the bells, mamma!" pleaded May.

With her whole heart, Mrs. Arde wished her visitors would depart. It was an uncomfortable morning for her. No one seemed at ease; she least of any. Soon after twelve o'clock struck, when some of them were preparing to go, a party of morris-dancers came on to the green. Of course all stayed there, and crowded the windows to look.

"Hark!" whispered Mrs. Arde to her sister. "I cannot stand this any longer; my nerves have been on the strain all the morning, and are giving way. Do you play hostess for a bit."

She slipped out of the room, put on a warm shawl and hood, and made her way to the foot avenue that ran beside the lawn and the approach to it. The snow had been swept, and she paced it thoughtfully, lifting her face to the cold fresh air, and looking through the bare side branches at the morning-sun. Fleet of foot and not ungraceful were those men; their white attire was decorated with all kinds of colored ribbons, that kept time and waved about to their steps and their staves. The figures were prolonged and the men did their best; at Arde Hall the morris-dancers were sure of a meal and a largesse, whenever it was a hard winter and they were shut out from their legitimate labor.

Though a tolerably common sight in those long-past times, it was not a very frequent one, and idle spectators from the road were running in to gaze, quite a small crowd of them. The disappointed ones, who had been to the church and found no wedding, happened to be passing back again, and looked in at the large gates. Mrs. Arde, pacing the solitary avenue, chanced to turn her attention from the dancers to these spectators, and saw amidst them Emma Geesh.

And yet, not exactly amidst them. They were thronging the gate and the railings before the lawn; this girl had skirted her side up close to the fence that skirted the side of the lawn, as if she did not care to be noticed. She stood there, leaning one arm against it, her old cloak muffled about her, and looking at the dancers with a listless air.

Obedying the moment's impulse, Mrs. Arde stepped through the beech trees and approached her. Putting aside the girls naturally bold manner, Mrs. Arde had always rather liked Emma Geesh, and had pitied her isolated condition—isolated from all good associations—at the Trailing Indian. This alone might have caused her to accost the girl; but she had another motive. At the time the communication was made to her by Susan Cole on Sunday night, Mrs. Arde fully believed it, regarding it as a foolish scandal on Captain Clanswaring; but since then, a doubt, a very ugly doubt, had insinuated itself ever and anon with her mind; and instinct now prompted her to set it at rest.

"Is it you, Emma? I heard you were back."

"Yes, it's me," replied Emma, turning her head at the salutation. "I've been to the church to see the wedding, ma'am; but it's said there is to be none."

"Not to-day. The Squire is absent."

"Can't get home for the broken-up roads," freely remarked Miss Emma. "I had a fine slow journey of it in the wagon."

"Where did you come from?"

"Well, I came from Lunnun. No need to hide it, that I know of."

"Not from Ireland?"

The girl's eyes flashed with quite an angry light.

"Yes, I hear that that have been brought again, but it's false."

"It has been said that when you left here you went to Bristol to join Mr. Tom Clanswaring," it repeated Mrs. Arde.

"When I left here I went straight to Lunnun, as I was bid to go by him that led me wrong; and I've never been away from it till I took the wagon to come down here again."

Mrs. Arde gazed at the girl's face, reading it carefully. There was a savage look in it, a passionate ring in her voice, that spoke too surely of the naked truth.

"It was Tom Clanswaring's name that was coupled with yours, you know, Emma, even before you left the place."

"Mrs. Arde, I never did know it. If I had I ain't sure but I should ha' set it to rights then. 'Twas a shame on him for folks to say it. Mr. Tom!—why, he had always been as good as a brother to me from the time I was that high"—dipping a latch that ran along the fence. "Least-ways, as much as a gentleman can be to a poor girl."

Mr. Tom Clanswaring is just as good and noble and straightforward, as 't'other is a cheating and lying sneak. Black and him must ha' put their heads together, and laid it on Mr. Tom."

"The other being Jarvis Clanswaring?" spoke Mrs. Arde.

"Him, and none other; Jarvis Clanswaring. When he had got his turn served, he just threw me over, Mrs. Arde. He did; and I don't mind who knows it now. It's a shame on him, and he's been to see to his money, and sent me aught to get a crust of bread. I've been nigh upon starving. I might ha' starved outright but for a good woman whose room I lodged in; she helped me what she could."

"You are telling me the truth?" asked Mrs. Arde.

"It's the truth—as God hears me. I'd a mind to ha' told it out to Captain Clanswaring's face if the church this morning when he was a-begging me; and I think I should ha' done so. 'Twas only the thought of one thing might ha' stopped me—and that's the trouble and pain 't'would ha' gave Miss May. When I heard 'twas him she was a-going to marry I pitied her a'most to crying; a good-for-nothing knave like him can't bring her much good."

"You should have told of this before to-day, for Miss May's sake," said Mrs. Arde, sharply.

"I knew naught about the wedding till the night afore last," spoke the girl. "I never knew as he was living down at Bechhurst Dene. He let me think he was out in places a serving with his regiment; but it seems he have sold out."

"Where is the baby?" whispered Mrs. Arde.

"It died when it was born, ma'am. And a happy thing, too. Jarvis Clanswaring, grand as the world thinks him, is just a bad man. Mrs. Arde, made up of deceit and heartlessness. Brought me to him, and I'll say it to his face. He have been up to his ears in debt, too, this long while. Perhaps you didn't know o' that, either."

Mrs. Arde made no answer. The morris-dancers had brought their performance to an end; and the spectators were coming away. Perhaps Mrs. Arde did not care to be seen talking to Emma Geesh; for she wished her good-morning, and turned towards home. What she had heard three parts stunned her. May came into her chamber almost as she was entering it.

"Mamma, she cried, her face pale, her voice beseeching, 'you will not let this wedding take place before papa returns. Promise me! Captain Clanswaring is saying—'

"Well, I came from Lunnun. No need to hide it, that I know of."

"Not from Ireland?"

The girl's eyes flashed with quite an angry light.

"Yes, I hear that that have been brought again, but it's false."

"It has been said that when you left here you went to Bristol to join Mr. Tom Clanswaring," it repeated Mrs. Arde.

"When I left here I went straight to Lunnun, as I was bid to go by him that led me wrong; and I've never been away from it till I took the wagon to come down here again."

Mrs. Arde gazed at the girl's face, reading it carefully. There was a savage look in it, a passionate ring in her voice, that spoke too surely of the naked truth.

"It was Tom Clanswaring's name that was coupled with yours, you know, Emma, even before you left the place."

"Mrs. Arde, I never did know it. If I had I ain't sure but I should ha' set it to rights then. 'Twas a shame on him for folks to say it. Mr. Tom!—why, he had always been as good as a brother to me from the time I was that high"—dipping a latch that ran along the fence. "Least-ways, as much as a gentleman can be to a poor girl."

Mr. Tom Clanswaring is just as good and noble and straightforward, as 't'other is a cheating and lying sneak. Black and him must ha' put their heads together, and laid it on Mr. Tom."

"The other being Jarvis Clanswaring?" spoke Mrs. Arde.

"Him, and none other; Jarvis Clanswaring. When he had got his turn served, he just threw me over, Mrs. Arde. He did; and I don't mind who knows it now. It's a shame on him, and he's been to see to his money, and sent me aught to get a crust of bread. I've been nigh upon starving. I might ha' starved outright but for a good woman whose room I lodged in; she helped me what she could."

"You are telling me the truth?" asked Mrs. Arde.

"It's the truth—as God hears me. I'd a mind to ha' told it out to Captain Clanswaring's face if the church this morning when he was a-begging me; and I think I should ha' done so. 'Twas only the thought of one thing might ha' stopped me—and that's the trouble and pain 't'would ha' gave Miss May. When I heard 'twas him she was a-going to marry I pitied her a'most to crying; a good-for-nothing knave like him can't bring her much good."

"You should have told of this before to-day, for Miss May's sake," said Mrs. Arde, sharply.

"I knew naught about the wedding till the night afore last," spoke the girl. "I never knew as he was living down at Bechhurst Dene. He let me think he was out in places a serving with his regiment; but it seems he have sold out."

"Where is the baby?" whispered Mrs. Arde.

"It died when it was born, ma'am. And a happy thing, too. Jarvis Clanswaring, grand as the world thinks him, is just a bad man. Mrs. Arde, made up of deceit and heartlessness. Brought me to him, and I'll say it to his face. He have been up to his ears in debt, too, this long while. Perhaps you didn't know o' that, either."

Mrs. Arde made no answer. The morris-dancers had brought their performance to an end; and the spectators were coming away. Perhaps Mrs. Arde did not care to be seen talking to Emma Geesh; for she wished her good-morning, and turned towards home. What she had heard three parts stunned her. May came into her chamber almost as she was entering it.

"Mamma, she cried, her face pale, her voice beseeching, 'you will not let this wedding take place before papa returns. Promise me! Captain Clanswaring is saying—'

"He at rest, May," interrupted Mrs. Arde, bending to kiss her. "You shall certainly not marry before your father is here."

And the very emphatic tone, telling of strange anger, a little surprised Miss May.

Carrying into the faithful city of Worcester, the coachman driving his four fine horses at a somewhat faster speed than their usual majestic pace, the guard's horn blowing blasts of importance, went the Royal Mail. Along Salisbury, up College street and High street, through the cross, and on to the Foregate street; where it finally drew up before the two principal inns of the town, the Hopbottle and the Star-and-Garter. People had built out at their shop doors to see it pass; a small crowd collected round it almost before it stopped; for it was the first mail that had reached Worcester since the detention. The supposition prevailing was, that it was the mail known to have been so long on the road, the one that started from London the past Friday. The curious people running up, were eager to know what it had been doing with itself, and where the detention had been. Quite a chorus of questions assailed the guard and coachman as they descended from their seats; and then it was discovered that this was not the last mail at all, but the regular mail that had made the journey in due course and without much delay; having quitted the Bull-and-moat the previous evening. In the check their curiosity sustained, they began to walk off again one by one. This was Wednesday morning.

This mail brought not one passenger; a sharp looking, active man, who leaped out of the inside, and had no luggage with him. He was a little stared at. It was concluded that his business must be of importance, to travel in that unseemly weather, and risk being buried in the snow on the road.

Did'st ya see nor hear nothing o' that there last mail, that have been so long a coming?" questioned a bystander, of the guard.

"No, nothing. It passed Woodstock, and it didn't get to Chipping Norton; so must be somewhere between the two places."

Was the guard's answer. "But whether it's above ground, or dead and buried below the snow, and its folks dead and buried with it, is more than I can say."

"Had you much difficulty in getting along, guard?" questioned a gentleman.

"No, sir. The worst was between Woodstock and Evesham. In places there was almost stuck fast; but—"

man whom the traveller had requested should accompany him: a tall, strong young fellow belonging to the Star-and-Garter stables. The landlord came out to see them start.

"Have you far to go?" he asked.

"About three or four miles, I fancy," was the reply. "I am a stranger in these parts."

A way they started; he taking the reins himself, and whipping the horse into a canter; turning down Broad street, onwards over the Severn bridge, and so out of the town that way. In due course of time he came to the neighborhood of Bechhurst Dene, and—there arrived Mr. Jarvis Clanswaring. It was accomplished without the slightest trouble.

On the Tuesday evening a note had been delivered to Captain Clanswaring at Bechhurst Dene from Mrs. Arde. It stated in unmistakable decisive terms, that until the return of Mr. Arde there would be no marriage; all things must remain in abeyance. The captain could do nothing—save relieve his feelings by a bit of hot swearing in his chamber. On the following morning there was no Mr. Arde; but in the course of it Captain Clanswaring walked over to the Hall. He did not go to see the ladies—which he considered very strange. Susan Cole brought him a message that Miss May was very poorly with a headache (and not to be wondered at) put in Susan, in parenthesis, and her mistress was busy writing letters. He Captain Clanswaring, rather discomfited, took his way back home again. He was crossing the upper road in a stammering kind of manner, his eyes mostly bent on the ground to pick his way over the snow, which was still lying there, when a passing gig came to a sudden standstill, his driver leaped down, and Jarvis Clanswaring, gentleman and ex-captain, found him self in custody.

"Cause you, Billings?" was all he said, gnashing his teeth with impatient rage. For he knew the capturer by sight.

"'Twould have been done an hour or two earlier, captain, but for the snow keeping the mail back," was the man's equable answer. "A fine letter you've had of it altogether."

The arrest was for a very large sum of money, and it was of no use to fight against it. Permission and remittance would alike be futile, as the unfortunate captain knew. Fate is stronger than we are. The public arrest had been witnessed by at least two people, one of whom chanced to be Mark, the servant at the Hall; and the news went about with a whirl.

The captor and the captured, the gig and the superannuated proceeded to Bechhurst Dene. Jarvis was in an awful fever to get free; he should have been in his place. There was only one way by which it could be accomplished—by paying the money; or else by bail that was as good as money. It was possible, though not very probable, that Sir Dene might have settled the matter could he have been appealed to; but the state in which Sir Dene was lying, partially if not quite insensible, put any appeal to him out of the question. The heir, Dene, was not there; nobody was there, but the barister.

"You will give bail for me, Otto?" said the crest-fallen captain, who felt as if he would very much like to shoot somebody—perhaps himself.

"Couldn't take Mr. Otto Clanswaring's bail," interposed Mr. Billings grimly; for nature had endowed him with an uncommonly gruff voice. "Couldn't accept anybody's undertaking, except the Baroness's, Sir Dene."

"But Sir Dene is ill, you know; paralyzed," remonstrated the unhappy captain.

"Yes, captain. More's the pity for you."

"If my brother gives me his undertaking it will be as sure as Sir Dene's, Billings," urged the captain. "He—"

"I could not give it, Jarvis," interrupted the cautious barister. "You must know that I am not in a position to take a debt upon me that might prove an incubus for my life

Captain Clauwaring who but for these heavy snow drifts would now be Mary's husband! Squire Arde turned hot and cold as he listened.

What an escape it was for Mary! How Jarvis Clauwaring had managed to escape off the evil day so long and to conceal the true state of things, was a mystery. The selling of the commission had been forced. It was a stop-gap for the time; since, the Lady Lydia and others had helped him, including those harpists, the London money-lenders. The indignant Squire found that his daughter's money was indeed required—that there was urgent need of the marriage being hastened on.

"What an escape!" aspirated the Squire in a solemn thankfulness. "And I—Heaven forgive me!—murmured rebelliously at the delay caused by the snow-storm, little thinking that it was saving my child! Perhaps God sent that detection in His love for her!"

Within the privacy of her own chamber that night, sitting over the fire, Mrs. Arde whispered another item of news to her husband's ear—that which was connected with Miss Emma Geach. For some little time the Squire would not take it in; but when convinced of its truth, he began stamping about the room in wrath so great and loud, that poor Mrs. Arde was fain to beg him to be still lest the household should think he was beating her.

"Let me think it!" roared the Squire. "The desperate villain! And he would have made a wife of my innocent child!"

Hardly giving time for morning dawn well to set in, the Squire stamped up to the Trailing Indian to "have it out" with Black. He said that worthy innkeeper that he was a base villain, not a shade better than the other villain; that they had sacrificed the good name of Tom Clauwaring, and nearly sacrificed the life's happiness of Miss Arde.

And she, Mary Arde, how did she take the disappointment relating to her marriage?—to most young ladies the breaking off of a marriage is, to say the least of it, mortifying. Not so with Mary Arde. She was as one released from a weight of despair. She warbled about the house like a freed bird. Susan Cole, who could not have kept her tongue silent had she been paid to do it, had decided to her lots of things. The lightness came back to Mary's steps, the color to her cheeks; it was as if some special happiness had fallen on her heart from Heaven.

"She could not have liked him!" cried the wondering Squire to his wife.

"She did not," said Mrs. Arde. "I fear she liked Tom Clauwaring too well for that."

The Squire frowned a hideous frown at the unwelcome name. Though Tom had been shamefully aspersed, and been proved innocent where he had been thought guilty, he was not the less ineligible to be "liked" by May. "And never will be," spoke the Squire hotly.

And that poor neglected scapegoat was never so much as thought of by the world, or by Beechhurst Dene. Tom Clauwaring was in the place deemed most appropriate for him: some remote district of Irish bog, working out his sins.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LAST OF HAREBELL FARM.

Turning out of the gate of Harebell Farm went Mary Barber. Here indeed was the fact of her going abroad without any particular object, and yet she was doing so this afternoon. It had been the monthly wash that week at the farm; but the weather had been favorable for drying, and the close of this day, Wednesday, saw all the things done up, and in their appropriate presses and drawers. Mary Barber, assisted by one of the women servants, had been ironing hard for many hours; and when the early tea was over, betook herself out for a walk. Partly because she had no other pressing employment to get to, chiefly that she had an unusual feeling upon her of being stifled indoors. So, putting on her every-day shawl and bonnet, away she went.

"Curious I should feel as if I wanted fresh air, me!" she said half aloud. "I must be getting old; that's it; and I'm getting old, for that matter. Well, I've had my health and strength better nor most people; and there's some good work in my arms yet. Suppose I'd had a weak heart, as my poor sister had?—and yet she was as strong as I am!—and yet she was as strong as I am!—and yet she was as strong as I am!"

Walking up Harebell Lane, she glanced at the budding hedges on either side, at the springing grass. It was only February yet, but the most lovely weather conceivable, warm enough for May. The prolonged and heavy snow storm of the previous winter seemed to have benefited the earth. They would have it cold again no doubt; but just now the days were bright and beautiful.

Mary Barber went along sniffing the air, as if she could not enjoy it enough; shut up all day with the hot ironing stove, bending over the linen she ironed, the freshness was only too welcome. The setting sun threw its golden rays slantwise; birds were chirping their last song before settling down in their nests, all nature seemed glad. Primroses and violets peeped in the banks of the shady lane; hard Mary Barber actually stopped and gathered some. She was feeling less hard than usual that evening. Life had been all prose for her, no poetry at all in it. Perhaps it was the unusual weariness that softened her: not exactly weariness of limb but weariness of spirit. Her thoughts were running into a groove not at all customary.

"Says Richard Picketing to me 'toter morning in Worcester when I ran again him coming out of the hop market. 'You should not stay on at Harebell Farm, Aunt Mary—' a calling of me 'sant' for once, he did—' but have a nice little home of your own, and live comfortably in it.' 'Twas the old pride in past made him say it; neither him nor Willie have ever liked my being in service, specially him. 'We'd help you to the house, he went on, 'I and William—we want you to have rest, Mary.' And he's right, I say; for I am beginning to feel the need of rest, and service is getting hard for me. But I don't care to be helped by them, and what I've saved isn't quite enough to keep me yet. Better take it! What has set me on 't these thoughts this evening, I wonder? I think I'll get Prier to give me a dose of physic to put me to rights. 'Twasn't do to fail 't my work."

Approaching Harebell Pond—which she did not do once in two years as a rule, so, not in four—the sad fate of her former master, Robert Owen, (a fate which every one had long ago given up all hope of clearing) recurred to her. Every circumstance connected with it flashed into her mind as vividly

as though it had passed but yesterday. The singular dream, when she and others, quite a crowd of them, seemed to be searching for him up this very lane and across the fields, all hearing for one point, the direction of the Trailing Indian; and the absolute later reappearance; and her visit to the inn in the morning when Emma Geach was a wailing infant of a few hours old, and the mother lay in danger up stairs; and the commotion and uncertainty altogether, until the water gave up its secret; like the bite of glass in a kaleidoscope fixing themselves into their places one after another, so the past events rolled through her mind.

She passed the pond with a glance and a shudder, slightly quickening her steps. A few yards onwards there arose a bazy kind of indecision in her purpose, whether she should go straight on through the gate leading into some fields on Sir Dene's home farm that lay beyond, or continue her way up the lane—which here took the sharp wind to the right. Her feet, unprompted, as it seemed—for certainly she was not conscious of making any decision herself—chose the latter. In after life Mary Barber went to say that an instinct from heaven guided her.

"I'll go to the end, just as far as the turnpike road; and then turn back," she said to herself, fudging which way her apparently purposeless feet had taken her.

This brought her, as the reader must know, past the Trailing Indian. Mary Barber turned her eyes upon that hostelry in some curiosity, past associations rendering it always a place of interest. Since Miss Emma Geach's return to take up her abode in it, the inn had shown some slight signs of renewed life. That bustling dame, ready of service, free of tongue, made a pleasant hostess than Black and Sam Pound had made hosts; and stragglers were beginning to drop in again for half pints of ale or order. As to Sam, his worst fears had been realized; he was dismissed.

The golden beams of the sun, partly below the horizon now, had turned to crimson, and the front casements caught the red glow. The side door of the inn stood open, but there was no other sign of life or habitation about the dwelling. It looked very solitary, and everything around was still, including the evening air.

"She's out," thought Mary Barber. "Else there'd be some clatter o' dishes going on; and her tongue with it. As to Black—"

The words were stopped by a startling sound. If ever Mary Barber heard a groan of agony, she heard one at that moment. She turned to look about her, and there arose another. No mistake now, they came from the house.

"Anything the matter?" she called out, making her way to the side door.

A succession of moans answered her; painful moans, telling of some awful calamity. Mary Barber was not timorous; she had seen too many ugly sights in her life for that, including ghosts; but it was certain that a tremor of fear seized on her then, and she would willingly have turned back, rather than enter.

"What be that?" she asked, halting outside the kitchen door.

My, what was it? Mary Barber groaned herself when she went in, and saw.

Randy Black was stretched on the kitchen floor, bleeding from a wound in the side, his gun lying beside him.

He had got the gun out intending to clean it, unconscious that it was loaded. The charge went off and shot him. It appeared that he had lent the gun to one of his friends, named Haxted.

When the man returned it, Black asked if it was charged—and Haxted replied no. He had understood Black to say, have you drawn the charge?—as was explained when too late.

Whatever ill had encompassed Black's life, Mary Barber could feel the deepest compassion for him now. Something in his face would have told her the injury was mortal without his confirming words. "It's my death! It's my death!"

What could she do alone? Emma Geach had gone off to Worcester for the Wednesday market, and to buy herself some gowns. While she was on her knees, doing what she could to staunch the blood, and nearly at her wit's end, young Cole entered; and Mary Barber said Providence had sent him.

You be fleet o' foot, Ham. Put out the best spoon you've got, and get Prier up. And last ye, she added, in a whisper drawing the young man's ear down; "when Prier's come off, run round to the parson, and ask him to please to come. If ever a mortal man wanted shriving when his soul was on the wing, it must be this up, lying here."

Apparently Mr. Black was thinking somewhat of the same. Whence he gathered his deductions, perhaps he could not have defined; but that ocean was close upon him he felt sure and certain. And—strange though it may be to say it of this hardened and bad man, whose whole life had been marked by recklessness; who had laughed at death, and set it, and what must come after it, at defiance as a thing that could not concern him—he was now shivering from it in affright, the veriest coward! Such instances have been known—where this awful terror has assailed a soul at the close of an ill-spent life. It was not the life so suddenly cut short that the man was regretting; that appeared not to give him a thought; it was the dread judgment to which he was hastening.

Mary Barber turned him round, for he had been lying on the wound, and found a pillow to put under his head on the kitchen bricks, and gave him a cup of brandy, which he sipped for. The bleeding seemed to stop, and he was in less pain.

"When did it happen?" she asked.

"Oay just afore you come," groaned Black. "I'd got the gun musle up, and was turning round to light a candle." And then he gave vent to words and plaints and cries, that surely would never have been wrung from him in health; ay, and prayers. Prayers that he would at all times have scoffed at. Prayers for mercy; prayers to be let perish forever as a dog, and be no more heard of after death. Mary Barber was horrified; she compassionated him with her whole heart; she knelt down, raising her hands together, and asked for pardon for him even at that, the eleventh hour. The man was beside himself with fear. He called for more brandy, and when she hesitated to give it him, he swore at her in some of the worst language he had ever used in his wild career. The next minute he was beseeching her and Heaven alike to forgive him; she administered a little brandy; not much; for he was afraid to drink it without the sanction of Mr. Prier.

"Prier'll be up soon, Black," she said; "you shall have it then, if he'll let you."

The man's faculties appeared to be almost superhumanly clear; his intellect and memory bright as they had ever been in life; his reason as free; but a degree of physical exhaustion came on, and then he lay comparatively still. Mary Barber seized upon the interval to tell him about the thief on the cross, and Black hushed his breath while he listened.

"He had been bad, too, Black, that man had; but the Saviour pardoned him. With the Lord it is only to repent, and ask, and have."

Black turned his head about on the pillow and moaned and sighed and muttered; but was still quiet. A thought came into the woman's mind, and she promptly acted on it.

"I'd like to ask ye one thing, Black, while there's time; 'twon't hurt you to answer it now, one way or 't'other. The hag of money stole from Sir Dene's parlor that New Year's day—was it you took it?"

"Was it me took it?" retorted Black with a touch of his old fierceness. "What d'ye mean?"

"Some o' 'em be a suspecting Tom Clauwaring 't still, as it doth me," was her reply. "Only this very morning Squire Arde, who come up to the farm a wanting to see the master, stood by my ironing-board, a talking on't. I said 'twas curious Mr. Tom didn't come back now things again him had been cleared up; at that the Squire went quite in a passion, and said things again him were not cleared up, and the fellow was not wanted back. If he could have been nothing but the money he was thinking of, Black; there's naught else lying against Mr. Tom now."

Black's eyes were cast up towards her; dark and almost fierce as ever were they. But he made no answer.

"Tom Clauwaring never harmed you, Randy. He showed himself friendly always, and did you many a good turn; if 'twas you took the money, you might confess it now, for his sake."

"The man as took the bag o' money was Captain Clauwaring."

"What?" cried Mary Barber, interrupting the hoarse, deep tones.

"The man as took the bag o' money was Jarvis Clauwaring," repeated Black. "I swear it with my dying breath."

Mary Barber peered into Black's face, believing his senses were deserting him. He saw the doubt.

"That there Saturday night, soon after I got home here myself, up come Captain Clauwaring. He owed me money, and he got frightened for fear I should let out things he didn't want let out—for in the morning I told him I'd do it if he didn't pay me. He gave me just half what he owed; and I wondered where he had got it from, for he was as hard-up, himself, as any poor devil—"

"Was it for bacca he owed it?" she interrupted.

"No, 'twasn't for bacca," retorted Black, resenting either the question or the interruption. "I was put upon bacca, and that's the weight. Just a few days after, Squire Arde was here, and began a fishing to know whether 'twas me took Sir Dene's bag o' money."

"'Twas the first time I'd heard of any money being stole; and I knew at once who 'twas that had took it, and where Captain Clauwaring had got his money from. I see the bag in his hands, and the notes and gold in it."

"That there Captain Clauwaring must have as many sins to answer for as you, Black," spoke Mary Barber, drawing a deep breath. "Perhaps more in the sight of Heaven. Why didn't you tell o' this and clear Tom Clauwaring?"

Black shook his head. "I couldn't tell 't the captain then, though I'd used to threaten it. His interests were mine till I'd got my money from him in full. And he might be turned on me, he might, for he knewed a thing or two."

It appeared to have been a case of rogue cutting rogue. That Captain Clauwaring and Black were mutually afraid of each other, and had acted in accordance with it, there could be no question.

A perfect yell from Black startled Mary Barber out of her momentary reflection. His side had burst out bleeding again, bringing back all his terror. Perhaps in the past few minutes, feeling easier in himself and believing the bleeding had stopped, he had been indulging some faint idea of recovery.

"I'd had a different life, I would!" he aspirated, as if making a promise to the empty air.

The most welcome sound that ever greeted Mary Barber's ear, was that of gig wheels. Mr. Prier and his apprentice had come speeding up. They were followed by Harry Cole and others. After appraising the surgeon of what had happened, Ham had gone on his way to impart the news generally. Mr. Prier speedily cleared the kitchen of the intruders pressing into it. Mary Barber and Harry Cole alone being suffered to remain; and the clergyman when he came.

Alas! nothing could be done to save the life that was so swiftly passing. All the skill of the medical man was not able to prolong it by one hour beyond its allotted time. Black was not moved from his position. On the kitchen floor he had fallen, and on the kitchen floor he remained to die. Some blankets were gently slid under him to make it less hard, but he might not be disturbed further.

In the presence of the clergyman and doctor, of Mary Barber and of Harry Cole, he made a confession; some dim hope that it might serve him when he should stand before the great Judge in that dread Hereafter, urging him to do it. Petty sins were avowed, such as smuggling, and poaching, and receiving stolen goods, a whole catalogue of such things that appeared to have been always running on. These lighter offences Black himself did not seem to think much of, but there were others. Grave crimes, beside which the lighter sunk to little. As the eye estimates things as being large or small according to comparison, so does the conscience. Randy Black had the lives of three men on his soul: the peddler, once or twice spoken of here, a gamekeeper, and Robert Owen.

The only one of them deliberately murdered was the peddler. Snatched by drink, perhaps purposely given him, he had been killed in the dead of night by Black's own hand, and afterwards buried by him and the hostler, Joe; his box of wares, some of them real gold and silver, being the inducing motive. The gamekeeper was shot by Black in a night fray, but not of deliberate intention, guns were going off on both sides. The third, Robert Owen, had been wilfully assaulted, but not wilfully murdered. That Black was telling the truth without disguise, in this his dying hour, was all too evident; may be sought rather to make himself out worse than better. Once this awful

hour comes upon hitherto careless sinners, there can be no playing at bo-peep with the conscience.

On that long past Easter Sunday night, as may be remembered, Mr. Owen, after quitting his daughter Maria and Geoffrey Clauwaring, had been traced to the two-acre meadow; the young man, Parker, having watched him cross it on his way to the cowshed. Subsequent to that no trace of him, in life, could be discovered, and this loss Black now supplied.

After leaving the shed, Mr. Owen went back across the meadow towards his home. In the narrow path so often mentioned between the grove of trees and the pond, he halted and leaned over the fence; whether without any particular motive or from hearing some fancied sound that he would investigate, could never be known. Black, concealed in the grove of trees with a heavy stick, pushed out and dealt him a sudden and violent blow on the back of his head. It must have stunned Mr. Owen, for he fell some way forward and did not lift himself. Black took him by the back and tumbled him over into the pond. So he lay there and was drowned without a struggle; his senseless condition preventing his making any effort to save himself.

"As the Lord's above and hears me, I didn't mean to kill him," gasped Black, when he had told this. "Owen o' the farm was a spying on me an' my doings, and I wanted to serve him out for it; break a arm or a leg, or crack his skull a bit, and to teach him not to come interfering in matters as was none o' his. But I never meant to kill him. I thought I'd go and see whether he was a sneaking and peeping then; and I caught up my stick and went and hid 't the grove and waited. I knew his cow was sick, and fancied he might be for coming to 't the last thing. But I swear I didn't think to kill him, and when I came home here and told Joe, we both chuckled over the sousing he'd got, and I went up to bed a picturing of him trailing home through the lane like a drowned rat. Next morning, when Joe came creeping to my bed side, a saying that Owen hadn't turned up nowhere and was a being inquired for at our house here, I was hard o' belief, and told him to his face he was a lying fool. No, I never killed him wilful."

Mary Barber threw her hands over her face, and sobbed a sob of emotion. Rarely had she been so moved. Memory was ever busy with her. The vivid dream—not less vivid now than when she had dreamt it—that had surely foreshadowed her master's death, passed through her mind for a second time that evening in all its details. If passed through it. She saw him walking in from church that Easter Sunday after partaking of the Lord's supper; she saw him seated at his table's head entertaining Sir Dene's son and his son-in-law, Geoffrey Clauwaring; she saw him stand in the yard at sunset, speaking of Joan; it was all before her now. The sun's rays fell across his face, lighting up its remarkable beauty.

Mary Barber had seen many a handsome man in her life, gentle and simple; but never one whose form and face equalled his, Robert Owen's. She had suspected Black at the time, had suspected him since, for her dream had certainly in some vague way pointed to him and his home, the Trailing Indian, as being concerned in the disappearance; and now she found that her suspicions were true. If Mary Barber had wanted her belief in dream-strengthened, this would have done it.

But, if her faith in dreams of the night was confirmed, that in regard to the appearance of supernatural visions was destined to the same time to receive a shock. Robert Owen's ghost had not been a ghost. Knowing what Mary Barber knew, remembering the experiences of her earlier life, and what she had once seen in the Hollow Field, her sister on the stile there, no power, human or divine, could have shaken her belief in the possibility of the dead appearing to mortal eyes.

In this one instance, regarding her late master, she found that she and others had been truly imposed upon.

The strange figure, appearing to the world as a supernatural visitant, and popularly believed to be the unfortunate Robert Owen's spirit, was after all only flesh and blood. Black and some of his associates, including Michael Geach, set their heads to work, and turned Mr. Owen's death to good account. Too happy thought was Black's. They improvised a ghost to represent him; the object of course being to keep undesirable people away from Harebell Lane and the fields of the Harebell fields that overlooked the lane. The men who were in the habit of stealing up the lane to Black's with booty about them, had been seen so many times of late that they had grown afraid, and flatly told Black that they must give up the game unless something could be done to insure greater safety. Robert Owen's ghost effected this. It was far more easy to get up a ghost of him than it would have been of most persons; for there were two most strongly marked features—the flowing silvery beard, and the magpie cap. A silvery beard was procured, and another magpie cap; also clothes and a walking stick similar to those used by Mr. Owen the night of his death. Michael Geach was the ghost. He was as tall as Mr. Owen, and had the same well-formed handsome cast of features—though the shape of features cannot be seen very much of at a distance by moonlight. Arrived at the house and cap, Michael Geach might have been sworn to in any moonlight court of law as Robert Owen. The best proof was that he deceived Randy Black himself.

When Black had burst into his house that unlucky night in a state of terror not easily imagined or described, and confessed that he had seen Robert Owen's ghost, his terror and his belief were alike genuine. That the man, hardened though he was in crime, had Mr. Owen's death to regret on his conscience, various signs betrayed to those about him. Coming home from Harst Leet that bright night, what with the natural loneliness of the lane, its weird shadow, and its awful pond—awful to Black at night since what he had done there—it was only to be expected he should begin thinking of Robert Owen: a very unpleasant thought which made him quicken his pace past the pond. Had it been to save Black's life, he could not have helped turning his eyes in a kind of dread fascination to the fence above whence Robert Owen had fallen. And there,

there stood Robert Owen himself; that is, his spirit, as Black took it to be; the white beard, and the magpie cap, and the coat he was dressed in, all conspicuous.

And now here was a strange thing—that that man, hardened in sin and in the world's worst ways, should have been stricken with this most awful terror. But that was so, and this is no fiction, it would be scarcely believable. The idea that it was Geach, never so much as crossed him; for he had reason to believe that Geach was a vast number of miles away, on the Cornish coast, in fact gone there on some secret mission connected with a privateer; that he could be in Worcester-shire, even had the thought suggested itself, Black would have deemed an impossibility. Geach, however, had arrived at the Trailing Indian that evening during Black's absence, and while waiting for the landlord to come in, it occurred to him that he might make use of the hour to profit, and he arrayed himself in the ghost's coat—which was kept at the inn—and stole out to frighten the world; putting on the cap and beard when he was safe in the grove of trees. That Geach saw the state of terror he sent Black into and enjoyed it too much to speak, there could be little doubt of, though he vowed to Black afterwards that he did not recognise him. How all that might have been does not signify: there's the explanation.

Perhaps the strangest fact of all connected with that strange business, was that Black retained his terror. Even when he knew after the elucidation, that the appearance of the ghost was no ghost, but his friend Michael Geach, displaying himself according to custom, the terror wholly refused to quit him. In spite of reason, in spite of knowledge, in spite of the great fact that Robert Owen's spirit had really never come abroad at all, Black lived thenceforward in a chronic state of terror lest he should see it. It was just as though some mortal disease had been caught by him that night, and could never afterwards be eradicated. Time, instead of wearing the impressing off, only seemed to increase it. He hardly dared go abroad at night; as the years went on, he never remained alone in the inn after dark. The day of the ghost had, so to say, gone by; its remembrance had nearly faded out of the public mind; and yet Black retained his fear. The fear was never realised, and yet he retained it in all its force. Black thought it was realised once. When he saw Major Fife at twilight in the dark walk of Beechhurst Dene; deceived by the resemblance, he mistook him for Robert Owen, and he was never undeceived.

And so the mystery attaching to the dead master of Harebell Farm, mystery in more ways than one, was cleared up at last. Robert Owen had slept peacefully in his grave, and had never come out of it at all to disturb the community. The people connected with the Trailing Indian—meaning those who were not in the secret and shared the popular belief in the ghost—might have noticed that they had been only sufficiently observant, that the apparition was never seen save during the occasional sojourn of Michael Geach at the inn, and not at all after his death. Geach once got up a fit of terror on his own part. Late one night he rushed into the Trailing Indian in a fine state of agitation, and told a story to the gaping company of having seen the ghost in the lane.

But the prolonged fear that lay on Black, lasting for years and years, was so entirely devoid of reason, so utterly absurd, especially in a man like him, as to be almost incredible. It wore him to a shadow; it embittered his life, it left him no rest, sleeping or waking. Could it have been the Finger of God that rested on him, working out the man's punishment? Mary Barber assumed so.

"It seems the Lord has been punishing you, Black," she observed compassionately after listening to his confession of how dreadful his sufferings from this terror had been. "Let us hope that He'll be all the more lenient to you now, and hear the quicker your prayers for pardon."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Printing of Government Notes and What They are Made of.

As very little is known by those who generally handle or possess the circulating medium, we append the following description:—

"Government notes are printed on paper furnished expressly for the purpose by the Treasury Department. It is of a peculiar grain and texture, and manufactured by a secret process known only to a few persons. A strict account is kept of every sheet furnished to the note printers, and all which are spoiled in the process, or imperfectly struck off, must be carefully preserved and returned to the Treasury Department. Every sheet and part of a sheet must be strictly accounted for. It is thus that all probabilities of fraud are prevented. The lathes for making the scroll work cost an immense amount of money. They are so expensive that counterfeiters can scarcely afford to procure them. It being in this feature especially that the Government relies for protection against counterfeiters, the different bank note companies have vied with each other in building complicated and accurate lathes. A good machine for doing first-class scroll work is worth a mint of money to the owners."

"There are few persons accustomed to handling greenbacks and shipplasters daily who have any idea of the amount of work necessary to produce the engraving. We admire the fine workmanship and beauty of designs, but unless we take pains to inquire into the matter, we cannot appreciate the intricacy of detail. It is said that a man worked two whole months in engraving the head of Columbus on the back of \$5 greenbacks. This seems like a somewhat improbable story, but it is doubtless true."

"A bank note or greenback is printed by several distinct impressions. Thus, it is run through the press several times. For every impression there is a separate engraved plate. Proofs of these plates are taken separately and closely examined before the notes are struck off."

"CURIOUS CUSTOMS.—A farmer who went to a certain part of the West to buy a farm, was greatly prejudiced against the country he thought to settle in, from the fact that a doctor whom he called to attend him when he was seized with a fever, began trying on his clothes immediately after writing a prescription. The fact that while the doctor was trying on his coat the chambermaid was examining his handkerchiefs, and the porter was struggling with his boots, lent wings to his imagination and doubtless had an influence in regard to his speedy exit from the place."

"Quiet house-weddings will be fashionable next winter."

Mr. Beecher's Habits of Composition.
It may interest many readers to know something of Mr. Beecher's habits of composition. He writes with inconceivable rapidity, in a large, sprawling hand, lines wide apart, and words so thickly scattered about that some of his pages remind one of the famous description of a page of Napoleon's manuscript—a scratch, a blot and a splinter. Writing so hastily, he writes with some inaccuracy, and as he finds correction very irksome, he hands his manuscript over to some one familiar with his handwriting, to be prepared for the press. It is then set up, the rough proof corrected, and a fair revised copy is handed to the author. This he reads with extreme care, and makes so many corrections, erasures, and additions, that it is sometimes cheaper and less laborious to reset the whole than to "correct" from his proofs. A second proof is then prepared for him, and sometimes a third and fourth before his critical judgment is satisfied, and the stereotypers are allowed to cast the plates. It will be noticed that in the preparation of copy Mr. Beecher's habits are directly opposite to those of Mr. Greeley, who prepares his copy with great care; punctuating every sentence, marking every capital letter, and paragraph, and in short completing his work before it leaves his hand. The compositor and the proof-reader have only to follow copy to be sure of coming out right. Mr. Beecher's impatient temperament rebels against such laborious finish.

Why Circles Please the Eye.
The explanation of why the eye enjoys circles is thus given by one of Germany's scientists:
"Professor Muller, in a course of lectures in Berlin, offered a simple and mechanical explanation of the universal admiration bestowed on the curves. The eye is provided in its socket by six muscles, of which four are respectively employed to raise, depress, turn to the right, and to the left. The other two have an action contrary to one another, and roll the eye on its axis, or from the outside downward, and inside upward. When an object is presented for inspection, the first act is that of circumvision, or going round the boundary lines, so as to bring consecutively every individual portion of the circumference upon the most delicate and sensitive portion of the retina. Now, if figures bounded by straight lines be presented for inspection, it is obvious that but two or three muscles can be called into action; and it is equally evident that in curves of a circle or ellipse all must alternately be brought into action. The effect then is, that if two only be employed, as in rectilinear figures, there two have an undue share of labor; and by repeating the experiment frequently, as we do in childhood, the notion of tetanus is instilled, and we form gradually a distaste for straight lines, and are led to prefer those curves which supply a more general and equable share of work."

A Swooning Epidemic.
Hampton Court Chapel was once the scene of a singular epidemic. One Sunday a youthful beauty (sister), and the handsome Sir Horace Seymour carried her out. The next Sunday another young lady was similarly attacked, and Sir Horace, with like gallantry, sprang to her relief. And thus the epidemic went on. On successive Sundays successive youthful beauties fainted, and the handsome Sir Horace carried them successively out, till he grew tired of bearing such sweet burdens. An announcement was made that in future all swooning nymphs would be carried out of the chapel by the *dusman*, whereupon the malady rapidly disappeared.

An unreasoning and somewhat misanthropic acquaintance remarks he has often heard the proverb, "A friend in need is a friend indeed," but he says he can't see where the laugh comes in. He has a friend in need who is always borrowing money of him.

Fashionable milliners in New York have been upon forty dollars as the maximum price for the work of art known as a lady's bonnet, the coming season.

Rates of Advertising.
Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.
Twenty cents for each additional insertion.
Payment is required in advance.

AGENTS WANTED.
Agents are wanted to obtain subscribers for this paper—the SATURDAY EVENING POST. Good commissions allowed. Address H. Peterson & Co., 318 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

RIEHL BROTHERS.
U. S. STANDARD

SCALES
The motionless Platform Scales and Chain Scales—the latest improvement. Cheap and accurate scales of all varieties.
All Work warranted.
Send for Circular.

TREES.
FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL.
For Autumn of 1871.

We invite the attention of Planters and Dealers to our large and complete stock of
STANDARD and DWARF FRUIT TREES.
GRAPE VINES and SMALL FRUIT.
ORNAMENTAL TREES, SHRUBS and PLANTS
NEW and RARE FRUIT and ORNAMENTAL TREES.
BULBOS FLOWER ROOTS.
Descriptive and Illustrated Catalogues sent pre-paid on receipt of stamps, as follows:
No. 1—Fruit Tree, No. 2—Ornamental Tree, No. 3—Grape Vine, No. 4—Small Fruit, No. 5—Bulbs, etc. Address,
ELLWANGER & BARRY,
Rochester, N. Y.

AVOID QUACKS.—A victim of early indiscretion, causing nervous debility, premature decay, &c., having tried in vain every advertised remedy, has discovered a simple means of recovery, which he will send free to his fellow-sufferers. Address J. M. HERVEY, 78 Nassau st., N. Y.

GOLDEN CORN.—GOLDEN CORN will force the beard to grow thick and heavy on the mustache face, or hair on the balding head, in twenty-one days. In every case, or money refunded. Sent by mail, post-paid, for 50 cents a package, or 2 for \$1. Address M. A. JAGGER, Calhoun, N. Y.

CHAPMAN'S PAINTING.
300 lbs. of the famous CHAPMAN'S PAINTING, made in London, and used by the most celebrated artists in the world. For circulars, send two cents to
J. B. CHAPMAN, New York, 150 North 4th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

R. DOLLARD,
513 CHESTNUT ST.,
PHILADELPHIA.
PREMIER ARTISTE
IN
HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSWAMER VENTILATING WIG AND ELASTIC BAND TOWELPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Tresses, and Hair, No. 1.—The round of the head, No. 2.—The forehead, No. 3.—The crown of the head, No. 4.—The back of the head, No. 5.—The temples, No. 6.—The ears, No. 7.—The neck, No. 8.—The chin, No. 9.—The jaw, No. 10.—The mouth, No. 11.—The nose, No. 12.—The eyes, No. 13.—The eyebrows, No. 14.—The hair, No. 15.—The scalp, No. 16.—The skin, No. 17.—The color, No. 18.—The texture, No. 19.—The growth, No. 20.—The fall, No. 21.—The direction, No. 22.—The quantity, No. 23.—The quality, No. 24.—The condition, No. 25.—The disease, No. 26.—The cure, No. 27.—The prevention, No. 28.—The preservation, No. 29.—The improvement, No. 30.—The perfection, No. 31.—The completion, No. 32.—The consummation, No. 33.—The consummation, No. 34.—The consummation, No. 35.—The consummation, No. 36.—The consummation, No. 37.—The consummation, No. 38.—The consummation, No. 39.—The consummation, No. 40.—The consummation, No. 41.—The consummation, No. 42.—The consummation, No. 43.—The consummation, No. 44.—The consummation, No. 45.—The consummation, No. 46.—The consummation, No. 47.—The consummation, No. 48.—The consummation, No. 49.—The consummation, No. 50.—The consummation, No. 51.—The consummation, No. 52.—The consummation, No. 53.—The consummation, No. 54.—The consummation, No. 55.—The consummation, No. 56.—The consummation, No. 57.—The consummation, No. 58.—The consummation, No. 59.—The consummation, No. 60.—The consummation, No. 61.—The consummation, No. 62.—The consummation, No. 63.—The consummation, No. 64.—The consummation, No. 65.—The consummation, No. 66.—The consummation, No. 67.—The consummation, No. 68.—The consummation, No. 69.—The consummation, No. 70.—The consummation, No. 71.—The consummation, No. 72.—The consummation, No. 73.—The consummation, No. 74.—The consummation, No. 75.—The consummation, No. 76.—The consummation, No. 77.—The consummation, No. 78.—The consummation, No. 79.—The consummation, No. 80.—The consummation, No. 81.—The consummation, No. 82.—The consummation, No. 83.—The consummation, No. 84.—The consummation, No. 85.—The consummation, No. 86.—The consummation, No. 87.—The consummation, No. 88.—The consummation, No. 89.—The consummation, No. 90.—The consummation, No. 91.—The consummation, No. 92.—The consummation, No. 93.—The consummation, No. 94.—The consummation, No. 95.—The consummation, No. 96.—The consummation, No. 97.—The consummation, No. 98.—The consummation, No. 99.—The consummation, No. 100.—The consummation, No. 101.—The consummation, No. 102.—The consummation, No. 103.—The consummation, No. 104.—The consummation, No. 105.—The consummation, No. 106.—The consummation, No. 107.—The consummation, No. 108.—The consummation, No. 109.—The consummation, No. 110.—The consummation, No. 111.—The consummation, No. 112.—The consummation, No. 113.—The consummation, No. 114.—The consummation, No. 115.—The consummation, No. 116.—The consummation, No. 117.—The consummation, No. 118.—The consummation, No. 119.—The consummation, No. 120.—The consummation, No. 121.—The consummation, No. 122.—The consummation, No. 123.—The consummation, No. 124.—The consummation, No. 125.—The consummation, No. 126.—The consummation, No. 127.—The consummation, No. 128.—The consummation, No. 129.—The consummation, No. 130.—The consummation, No. 131.—The consummation, No. 132.—The consummation, No. 133.—The consummation, No. 134.—The consummation, No. 135.—The consummation, No. 136.—The consummation, No. 137.—The consummation, No. 138.—The consummation, No. 139.—The consummation, No. 140.—The consummation, No. 141.—The consummation, No. 142.—The consummation, No. 143.—The consummation, No. 144.—The consummation, No. 145.—The consummation, No. 146.—The consummation, No. 147.—The consummation, No. 148.—The consummation, No. 149.—The consummation, No. 150.—The consummation, No. 151.—The consummation, No. 152.—The consummation, No. 153.—The consummation, No. 154.—The consummation, No. 155.—The consummation, No. 156.—The consummation, No. 157.—The consummation, No. 158.—The consummation, No. 159.—The consummation, No. 160.—The consummation, No. 161.—The consummation, No. 162.—The consummation, No. 163.—The consummation, No. 164.—The consummation, No. 165.—The consummation, No. 166.—The consummation, No. 167.—The consummation, No. 168.—The consummation, No. 169.—The consummation, No. 170.—The consummation, No. 171.—The consummation, No. 172.—The consummation, No. 173.—The consummation, No. 174.—The consummation, No. 175.—The consummation, No. 176.—The consummation, No. 177.—The consummation, No. 178.—The consummation, No. 179.—The consummation, No. 180.—The consummation, No. 181.—The consummation, No. 182.—The consummation, No. 183.—The consummation, No. 184.—The consummation, No. 185.—The consummation, No. 186.—The consummation, No. 187.—The consummation, No. 188.—The consummation, No. 189.—The consummation, No. 190.—The consummation, No. 191.—The consummation, No. 192.—The consummation, No. 193.—The consummation, No. 194.—The consummation, No. 195.—The consummation, No. 196.—The consummation, No. 197.—The consummation, No. 198.—The consummation, No. 199.—The consummation, No. 200.—The consummation, No. 201.—The consummation, No. 202.—The consummation, No. 203.—The consummation, No. 204.—The consummation, No. 205.—The consummation, No. 206.—The consummation, No. 207.—The consummation, No. 208.—The consummation, No. 209.—The consummation, No. 210.—The consummation, No. 211.—The consummation, No. 212.—The consummation, No. 213.—The consummation, No. 214.—The consummation, No. 215.—The consummation, No. 216.—The consummation, No. 217.—The consummation, No. 218.—The consummation, No. 219.—The consummation, No. 220.—The consummation, No. 221.—The consummation, No. 222.—The consummation, No. 223.—The consummation, No. 224.—The consummation, No. 225.—The consummation, No. 226.—The consummation, No. 227.—The consummation, No. 228.—The consummation, No. 229.—The consummation, No. 230.—The consummation, No. 231.—The consummation, No. 232.—The consummation, No. 233.—The consummation, No. 234.—The consummation, No. 235.—The consummation, No. 236.—The consummation, No. 237.—The consummation, No. 238.—The consummation, No. 239.—The consummation, No. 240.—The consummation, No. 241.—The consummation, No. 242.—The consummation, No. 243.—The consummation, No. 244.—The consummation, No. 245.—The consummation, No. 246.—The consummation, No. 247.—The consummation, No. 248.—The consummation, No. 249.—The consummation, No. 250.—The consummation, No. 251.—The consummation, No. 252.—The consummation, No. 253.—The consummation, No. 254.—The consummation, No. 255.—The consummation, No. 256.—The consummation, No. 257.—The consummation, No. 258.—The consummation, No. 259.—The consummation, No. 260.—The consummation, No. 261.—The consummation, No. 262.—The consummation, No. 263.—The consummation, No. 264.—The consummation, No. 265.—The consummation, No. 266.—The consummation, No. 267.—The consummation, No. 268.—The consummation, No. 269.—The consummation, No. 270.—The consummation, No. 271.—The consummation, No. 272.—The consummation, No. 273.—The consummation, No. 274.—The consummation, No. 275.—The consummation, No. 276.—The consummation, No. 277.—The consummation, No. 278.—The consummation, No. 279.—The consummation, No. 280.—The consummation, No. 281.—The consummation, No. 282.—The consummation, No. 283.—The consummation, No. 284.—The consummation, No. 285.—The consummation, No. 286.—The consummation, No. 287.—The consummation, No. 288.—The consummation, No. 289.—The consummation, No. 290.—The consummation, No. 291.—The consummation, No. 292.—The consummation, No. 293.—The consummation, No. 294.—The consummation, No. 295.—The consummation, No. 296.—The consummation, No. 297.—The consummation, No. 298.—The consummation, No. 299.—The consummation, No. 300.—The consummation, No. 301.—The consummation, No. 302.—The consummation, No. 303.—The consummation, No. 304.—The consummation, No. 305.—The consummation, No. 306.—The consummation, No. 307.—The consummation, No. 308.—The consummation, No. 309.—The consummation, No. 310.—The consummation, No. 311.—The consummation, No. 312.—The consummation, No. 313.—The consummation, No. 314.—The consummation, No. 315.—The consummation, No. 316.—The consummation, No. 317.—The consummation, No. 318.—The consummation, No. 319.—The consummation, No. 320.—The consummation, No. 321.—The consummation, No. 322.—The consummation, No. 323.—The consummation, No. 324.—The consummation, No. 325.—The consummation, No. 326.—The consummation, No. 327.—The consummation, No. 328.—The consummation, No. 329.—The consummation, No. 330.—The consummation, No. 331.—The consummation, No. 332.—The consummation, No. 333.—The consummation, No. 334.—The consummation, No. 335.—The consummation, No. 336.—The consummation, No. 337.—The consummation, No. 338.—The consummation, No. 339.—The consummation, No. 340.—The consummation, No. 341.—The consummation, No. 342.—The consummation, No. 343.—The consummation, No. 344.—The consummation, No. 345.—The consummation, No. 346.—The consummation, No. 347.—The consummation, No. 348.—The consummation, No. 349.—The consummation, No. 350.—The consummation, No. 351.—The consummation, No. 352.—The consummation, No. 353.—The consummation, No. 354.—The consummation, No. 355.—The consummation, No. 356.—The consummation, No. 357.—The consummation, No. 358.—The consummation, No. 359.—The consummation, No. 360.—The consummation, No. 361.—The consummation, No. 362.—The consummation, No. 363.—The consummation, No. 364.—The consummation, No. 365.—The consummation, No. 366.—The consummation, No. 367.—The consummation, No. 368.—The consummation, No. 369.—The consummation, No. 370.—The consummation, No. 371.—The consummation, No. 372.—The consummation, No. 373.—The consummation, No. 374.—The consummation, No. 375.—The consummation, No. 376.—The consummation, No. 377.—The consummation, No. 378.—The consummation, No. 379.—The consummation, No. 380.—The consummation, No. 381.—The consummation, No. 382.—The consummation, No. 383.—The consummation, No. 384.—The consummation, No. 385.—The consummation, No. 386.—The consummation, No. 387.—The consummation, No. 388.—The consummation, No. 389.—The consummation, No. 390.—The consummation, No. 391.—The consummation, No. 392.—The consummation, No. 393.—The consummation, No. 394.—The consummation, No. 395.—The consummation, No. 396.—The consummation, No. 397.—The consummation, No. 398.—The consummation, No. 399.—The consummation, No. 400.—The consummation, No. 401.—The consummation, No. 402.—The consummation, No. 403.—The consummation, No. 404.—The consummation, No. 405.—The consummation, No. 406.—The consummation, No. 407.—The consummation, No. 408.—The consummation, No. 409.—The consummation, No. 410.—The consummation, No. 411.—The consummation, No. 412.—The consummation, No. 413.—The consummation, No. 414.—The consummation, No. 415.—The consummation, No. 416.—The consummation, No. 417.—The consummation, No. 418.—The consummation, No. 419.—The consummation, No. 420.—The consummation, No. 421.—The consummation, No. 422.—The consummation, No. 423.—The consummation, No. 424.—The consummation, No. 425.—The consummation, No. 426.—The consummation, No. 427.—The consummation, No. 428.—The consummation, No. 429.—The consummation, No. 430.—The consummation, No. 431.—The consummation, No. 432.—The consummation, No. 433.—The consummation, No. 434.—The consummation, No. 435.—The consummation, No. 436.—The consummation, No. 437.—The consummation, No. 438.—The consummation, No. 439.—The consummation, No. 440.—The consummation, No. 441.—The consummation, No. 442.—The consummation, No. 443.—The consummation, No. 444.—The consummation, No. 445.—The consummation, No. 446.—The consummation, No. 447.—The consummation, No. 448.—The consummation, No. 449.—The consummation, No. 450.—The consummation, No. 451.—The consummation, No. 452.—The consummation, No. 453.—The consummation, No. 454.—The consummation, No. 455.—The consummation, No. 456.—The consummation, No. 457.—The consummation, No. 458.—The consummation, No. 459.—The consummation, No. 460.—The consummation, No. 461.—The consummation, No. 462.—The consummation, No. 463.—The consummation, No. 464.—The consummation, No. 465.—The consummation, No. 466.—The consummation, No. 467.—The consummation, No. 468.—The consummation, No. 469.—The consummation, No. 470.—The consummation, No. 471.—The consummation, No. 472.—The consummation, No. 473.—The consummation, No. 474.—The consummation, No. 475.—The consummation, No. 476.—The consummation, No. 477.—The consummation, No. 478.—The consummation, No. 479.—The consummation, No. 480.—The consummation, No. 481.—The consummation, No. 482.—The consummation, No. 483.—The consummation, No. 484.—The consummation, No. 485.—The consummation, No. 486.—The consummation, No. 487.—The consummation, No. 488.—The consummation, No. 489.—The consummation, No. 490.—The consummation, No. 491.—The consummation, No. 492.—The consummation, No. 493.—The consummation, No. 494.—The consummation, No. 495.—The consummation, No. 496.—The consummation, No. 497.—The consummation, No. 498.—The consummation, No. 499.—The consummation, No. 500.—The consummation, No. 501.—The consummation, No. 502.—The consummation, No. 503.—The consummation, No. 504.—The consummation, No. 505.—The consummation, No. 506.—The consummation, No. 507.—The consummation, No. 508.—The consummation, No. 509.—The consummation, No. 510.—The consummation, No. 511.—The consummation, No. 512.—The consummation, No. 513.—The consummation, No. 514.—The consummation, No. 515.—The consummation, No. 516.—The consummation, No. 517.—The consummation, No. 518.—The consummation, No. 519.—The consummation, No. 520.—The consummation, No. 521.—The consummation, No. 522.—The consummation, No. 523.—The consummation, No. 524.—The consummation, No. 525.—The consummation, No. 526.—The consummation, No. 527.—The consummation, No. 528.—The consummation, No. 529.—The consummation, No. 530.—The consummation, No. 531.—The consummation, No. 532.—The consummation, No. 533.—The consummation, No. 534.—The consummation, No. 535.—The consummation, No. 536.—The consummation, No. 537.—The consummation, No. 538.—The consummation, No. 539.—The consummation, No. 540.—The consummation, No. 541.—The consummation, No. 542.—The consummation, No. 543.—The consummation, No. 544.—The consummation, No. 545.—The consummation, No. 546.—The consummation, No. 547.—The consummation, No. 548.—The consummation, No. 549.—The consummation, No. 550.—The consummation, No. 551.—The consummation, No. 552.—The consummation, No. 553.—The consummation, No. 554.—The consummation, No. 555.—The consummation, No. 556.—The consummation, No. 557.—The consummation, No. 558.—The consummation, No. 559.—The consummation, No. 560.—The consummation, No. 561.—The consummation, No. 562.—The consummation, No. 563.—The consummation, No. 564.—The consummation, No. 565.—The consummation, No. 566.—The consummation, No. 567.—The consummation, No. 568.—The consummation, No. 569.—The consummation, No. 570.—The consummation, No. 571.—The consummation, No. 572.—The consummation, No. 573.—The consummation, No. 574.—The consummation, No. 575.—The consummation, No. 576.—The consummation, No. 577.—The consummation, No. 578.—The consummation, No. 579.—The consummation, No. 580.—The consummation, No. 581.—The consummation, No. 582.—The consummation, No. 583.—The consummation, No. 584.—The consummation, No. 585.—The consummation, No. 586.—The consummation, No. 587.—The consummation, No. 588.—The consummation, No. 589.—The consummation, No. 590.—The consummation, No. 591.—The consummation, No. 592.—The consummation, No. 593.—The consummation, No. 594.—The consummation, No. 595.—The consummation, No. 596.—The consummation, No. 597.—The consummation, No. 598.—The consummation, No. 599.—The consummation, No. 600.—The consummation, No. 601.—The consummation, No. 602.—The consummation, No. 603.—The consummation, No. 604.—The consummation, No. 605.—The consummation, No. 606.—The consummation, No. 607.—The consummation, No. 608.—The consummation, No. 609.—The consummation, No. 610.—The consummation, No. 611.—The consummation, No. 612.—The consummation, No. 613.—The consummation, No. 614.—The consummation, No. 615.—The consummation, No. 616.—The consummation, No. 617.—The consummation, No. 618.—The consummation, No. 619.—The consummation, No. 620.—The consummation, No. 621.—The consummation, No. 622.—The consummation, No. 623.—The consummation, No. 624.—The consummation, No. 625.—The consummation, No. 626.—The consummation, No. 627.—The consummation, No. 628.—The consummation, No. 629.—The consummation, No. 630.—The consummation, No. 631.—The consummation, No. 632.—The consummation, No. 633.—The consummation, No. 634.—The consummation, No. 635.—The consummation, No. 636.—The consummation, No. 637.—The consummation, No. 638.—The consummation, No. 639.—The consummation, No. 640.—The consummation, No. 641.—The consummation, No. 642.—The consummation, No. 643.—The consummation, No. 644.—The consummation, No. 645.—The consummation, No. 646.—The consummation, No. 647.—The consummation, No. 648.—The consummation, No. 649.—The consummation, No. 650.—The consummation, No. 651.—The consummation, No. 652.—The consummation, No. 653.—The consummation, No. 654.—The consummation, No. 655.—The consummation, No. 656.—The consummation, No. 657.—The consummation, No. 658.—The consummation, No. 659.—The consummation, No. 660.—The consummation, No. 661.—The consummation, No. 662.—The consummation, No. 663.—The consummation, No. 664.—The consummation, No. 665.—The consummation, No. 666.—The consummation, No. 667.—The consummation, No. 668.—The consummation, No. 669.—The consummation, No. 670.—The consummation, No. 671.—The consummation, No. 672.—The consummation, No. 673.—The consummation, No. 674.—The consummation, No. 675.—The consummation, No. 676.—The consummation, No. 677.—The consummation, No. 678.—The consummation, No. 679.—The consummation, No. 680.—The consummation, No. 681.—The consummation, No. 682.—The consummation, No. 683.—The consummation, No. 684.—The consummation, No. 685.—The consummation, No. 686.—The consummation, No. 687.—The consummation, No. 688.—The consummation, No. 689.—The consummation, No. 690.—The consummation, No. 691.—The consummation, No. 692.—The consummation, No. 693.—The consummation, No. 694.—The consummation, No. 695.—The consummation, No. 696.—The consummation, No. 697.—The consummation, No. 698.—The consummation, No. 699.—The consummation, No. 700.—The consummation, No. 701.—The consummation, No. 702.—The consummation, No. 703.—The consummation, No. 704.—The consummation, No. 705.—The consummation, No. 706.—The consummation, No. 707.—The consummation, No. 708.—The consummation, No. 709.—The consummation, No. 710.—The consummation, No. 711.—The consummation, No. 712.—The consummation, No. 713.—The consummation, No. 714.—The consummation, No. 715.—The consummation, No. 716.—The consummation, No. 717.—The consummation, No. 718.—The consummation, No. 719.—The consummation, No. 720.—The consummation, No. 721.—The consummation, No. 722.—The consummation, No. 723.—The consummation, No. 724.—The consummation, No. 725.—The consummation, No. 726.—The consummation, No. 727.—The consummation, No. 728.—The consummation, No. 729.—The consummation, No. 730.—The consummation, No. 731.—The consummation, No. 732.—The consummation, No. 733.—The consummation, No. 734.—The consummation, No. 735.—The consummation, No. 736.—The consummation, No. 737.—The consummation, No. 738.—The consummation, No. 739.—The consummation, No. 740.—The consummation, No. 741.—The consummation, No. 742.—The consummation, No. 743.—The consummation, No. 744.—The consummation, No. 745.—The consummation, No. 746.—The consummation, No. 747.—The consummation, No. 748.—The consummation, No. 749.—The consummation, No. 750.—The consummation, No. 751.—The consummation, No. 752.—The consummation, No. 753.—The consummation, No. 754.—The consummation, No. 755.—The consummation, No. 756.—The consummation, No. 757.—The consummation, No. 758.—The consummation, No. 759.—The consummation, No. 760.—The consummation, No. 761.—The consummation, No. 762.—The consummation, No. 763.—The consummation, No. 764.—The consummation, No. 765.—The consummation, No. 766.—The consummation, No. 767.—The consummation, No. 768.—The consummation, No. 769.—The consummation, No. 770.—The consummation, No. 771.—The consummation, No. 772.—The consummation, No. 773.—The consummation, No. 774.—The consummation, No. 775.—The consummation, No. 776.—The consummation, No. 777.—The consummation, No. 778.—The consummation, No. 779.—The consummation, No. 780.—The consummation, No. 781.—The consummation, No. 782.—The consummation, No. 783.—The consummation, No. 784.—The consummation, No. 785.—The consummation, No. 786.—The consummation, No. 787.—The consummation, No. 788.—The consummation, No. 789.—The consummation, No. 790.—The consummation, No. 791.—The consummation, No. 792.—The consummation, No. 793.—The consummation, No. 794.—The consummation, No. 795.—The consummation, No. 796.—The consummation, No. 797.—The consummation, No. 798.—The consummation, No. 799.—The consummation, No. 800.—The consummation, No. 801.—The consummation, No. 802.—The consummation, No. 803.—The consummation, No. 804.—The consummation, No. 805.—The consummation, No. 806.—The consummation, No. 807.—The consummation, No. 808.—The consummation, No. 809.—The consummation, No. 810.—The consummation, No. 811.—The consummation, No. 812.—The consummation, No. 813.—The consummation, No. 814.—The consummation, No. 815.—The consummation, No. 816.—The consummation, No. 817.—The consummation, No. 818.—The consummation, No. 819.—The consummation, No. 820.—The consummation, No. 821.—The consummation, No. 822.—The consummation, No. 823.—The consummation, No. 824.—The consummation, No. 825.—The consummation, No. 826.—The consummation, No. 827.—The consummation, No. 828.—The consummation, No. 829.—The consummation, No. 830.—The consummation, No. 831.—The consummation, No. 832.—The consummation, No. 833.—The consummation, No. 834.—The consummation, No. 835.—The consummation, No. 836.—The consummation, No. 837.—The consummation, No. 838.—The consummation, No. 839.—The consummation, No. 840.—The consummation, No. 841.—The consummation, No. 842.—The consummation, No. 843.—The consummation, No. 844.—The consummation, No. 845.—The consummation, No. 846.—The consummation, No. 847.—The consummation, No. 848.—The consummation, No. 849.—The consummation, No. 850.—The consummation, No. 851.—The consummation, No. 852.—The consummation, No. 853.—The consummation, No. 854.—The consummation, No. 855.—The consummation, No. 856.—The consummation,

WIT AND HUMOR.

The Latest Joke on the Printers.

There is no funnier reading in the world than some of the printers' blunders that go to the rounds of the papers. Here are a few that a laugh or two may be found in:

In the office of a New York paper there stood in type the report of a sermon and a paragraph about the career of a mad dog. In "making up" these two got mixed, and the readers of the paper next day were astonished by the following mélange: "The Rev. James Thompson preached to a large audience last Sunday. This was his last sermon previous to his embarkation for Europe. He exhorted his brethren and sisters, and after offering a devout prayer, took a whim to cut some frantic frocks. He ran up Smith street to Brown, and down Cor to College. At this stage of the proceedings some boys seized him, tied a tea-kettle to his tail and let him go. A great crowd gathered, and for a few minutes there was a lively scene."

The London Home Journal once, in describing a wedding in high life, said that the bride was accompanied to the altar by eight bridesmaids. The lovely ladies were right, not light.

A Providence paper once announced that Rev. Dr. Wyland, President of Brown University, "gave a brilliant party." The editor wrote a brilliant party.

The importance of careful punctuation cannot be insisted on too urgently. Here are a few instances which illustrate it:—

"Wanted, a young man to take charge of a pair of horses of a religious turn of mind." A child was run over by a wagon three years old and once-eyed with puntions which never spoke afterwards." A tomb at a public dinner, "Woman—without her, man is a brute," was printed, "Woman without her man, is a brute."

Setting at "The Captain's Office."

"All dem passengers as has not settled their passage, will please step up to de captain's office and settle."

There were many passengers, and, of course, as usual, a great crowd gathered around the "captain's office," each quietly awaiting his turn to pay. Suddenly a tall, robust young man elbowed his way through the mass of people up to the window, and stretching out his money to the clerk, said, in a very loud tone:

"Take my fare, sir?"

"What name, sir?" said the clerk, as he received the bill.

"Cap'n Victor Henry Digamma, sir. Captain Digamma and lady, of the United States Army, sir," was the reply, in a very polite, conciliatory voice.

This was rather too much for our acquaintance, the horse dealer. He passed rapidly through the crowd, and loudly addressed the clerk, while the captain of the army stood by, and the people seemed to be thinking whether to lynch him or not.

"Take my fare, sir?"

"What name, sir?" inquired the clerk, meekly.

"Kornell John Barstow, sir. Kornell John Barstow and horse, sir, of the Connecticut Militia, sir," was his answer, delivered in a most confident but pompous tone.

He took that army captain's look, and what a good natured crowd that was immediately after his answer, only those can understand whose imagination can picture reality.

In a Bad Fix.

A very good widow, who was looked up to by the congregation to which she belonged as an example of piety, contrived to bring her connection to terms for one little indulgence. She loved port, and one day, just as she had received half a dozen bottles from the man who usually brought her the comfortable beverage, she saw two of the grave-diggers of the church approaching her door. She ran the man out of the back door, and the bottles under the bed. The weather was hot, and while conversing with her sage friend's pop went a cork. "Dear me," exclaimed the good lady, "there goes the bed-cord; it snapped yesterday the same way. I must have another rope provided." In a few minutes pop went another, followed by the peculiar hiss of escaping liquor. The rope would not do again; but the good lady was not at a loss. "Dear me," said she, "that black cat of mine must be a somewhat mischievous under there. Sent!" Another bottle popped off, and the pop came steaming out from the bed-curtain. "O, dear me!" she said, "I had forgotten; it is my great friend, Puffer, come and take these bottles of yeast away!"

A Very Insignificant Dog.

Judge Cash once had a dog case, in which the ownership of the canine was in dispute. The evidence was conflicting, and the judge became confused.

"Stop!" said he; "stop right there. We'll settle this matter very shortly. You, Mr. Clerk, hold on to the dog. You, Mr. Plaintiff, go out into the far corner of the room out here. You, Mr. Defendant, come into this corner up here. Now both of you whistle, and Mr. Clerk, let loose the dog."

So mid, so done; but the dog sprang between the legs of the bystanders and "scotched" out of the door.

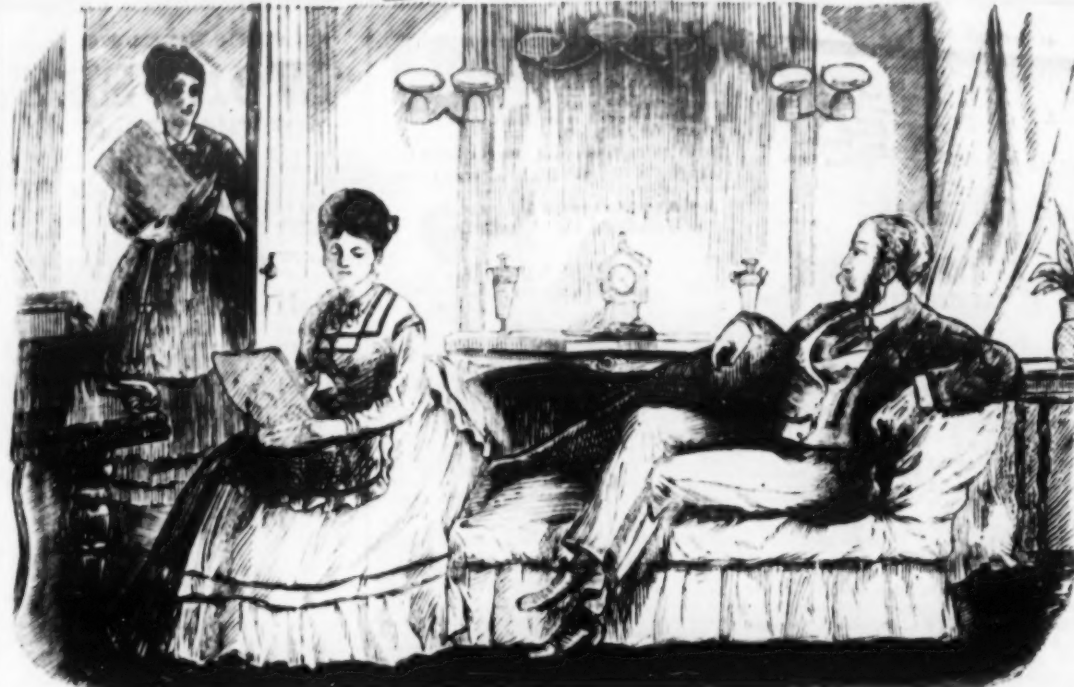
"Very extraordinary! very extraordinary!" said the judge. "I can understand that. Mr. Clerk, on the whole, as the plaintiff couldn't prove his case when I gave him the chance, you may enter judgment for the defendant."

His Card.

Prof. H. of Yale College, was passing out of the recreation room at his club, when an ambitious fireman dropped slyly into his cap a piece of paper, on which he had written lightly the word "monkey." Flashed with his joke, he told his success to all his student friends. But a speedy retribution befell him. At the next recreation, the blunt professor addressed his civility thus, in his sweetest tones: "Gentlemen, as I was passing out of the room yesterday, one of your number did me the very high honor to leave with me his card!"

A young gentleman was seated with other persons in a room where a young girl sat bolt upright and utterly silent. Silence, indeed, fell upon the entire party, and the gentleman in first alliance to said, in what he supposed to be an almost inaudible tone of voice, "A awful pause!" "I guess, mister," exclaimed the indignant lady, "that you'd have a awful pause too, if you had to do the scrubbing that I do."

A beautiful extract—helping a young boy out of a mud puddle.



Guy and Mary (who are betrothed) are looking very innocent, and sitting very far apart, when Emily comes into the room. But how comes Guy to have an ear-ring hanging to his whisker?

THE LITTLE GREEN MAN OF THE FOREST.

A FAIRY TALE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY PHILIPPA.

Many years ago, little Daisy Bell lived in a house on the edge of a forest, with her grandfather.

Daisy loved her grandpa dearly, and no wonder—for he was a jolly old gentleman, with bright blue eyes that twinkled with merriment, soft, snow-white hair, and the sweetest heart in the world.

Daisy herself was a tiny little creature, over whose golden head only five summers had passed—she was the best of friends with all the birds, squirrels, mice, toads, and even snakes, who loved her for it.

She lived in the forest among the tall old trees, where her mother had spotted when she was a little girl like Daisy.

There was one spot in particular where she liked to go; it was a shady little glen, and unlike the rest of the forest which was strewn with leaves, was carpeted with soft, green moss, and this was kept fresh by a little brook that ran merrily through it—and although the forest was full of wild flowers, no snare else were they in such profusion.

The birds chose this place to build their nests, the squirrels and the rabbits ran fearlessly about—and here little Daisy came to play, after she had finished her task for the day; for her grandfather did not believe in the girls playing all the time.

One day, after wearing herself with chasing the yellow butterflies, and playing Peep O' war with the little birds in their nest, while the old ones sat contentedly on the branches above and looked on, for well they knew that little Daisy Bell never harmed the smallest of them, she sat down at the foot of a tree, and leaning her head against the trunk, remained quite still for a while.

At last she heard a rustling—and looking up, she saw a large company of what she supposed at first to be the fawn green grasshoppers; but what she found, on looking closer, to be little men, dressed all in light green.

They were bustling around, preparing their dinner; presently, by their united efforts, they brought in an immense soup-bowl, which they placed on a table, then unfolded a silvery table-cloth, made of a fine spider's web, they spread that upon the table.

Napkins were furnished from the satin plant, the white fish dainties served for plates, while the golden butter-cups were used for cups.

The delicate lilies of the valley, were placed on the table for goblets, and the scarlet lichens for sugar glasses; the cups of the lady-slippers and service for pebble fishes, their knives, forks, and spoons, were made of the stem and petiole of flowers, and seemed strong enough for their delicate viands.

The table being ready, at a signal from the chief man a number of little figures now trooped in, bringing the different viands that were to compose the repast.

They were plucked jerk's tongues, humming bird's legs, and minnows fried, baked and broiled, the little pink crabs found in oyster shells devilled and boiled, and oaks and honey.

Several bees flew in and deposited honey in the strawberry blossoms which stood at each plate for preserve dishes; the little goblets were filled with dew, and mushrooms springing up around the table for nuts. All was so arranged, when the little men, each little a spray of blue bells in their hands which rang merrily, approached Daisy and requested her to join them at their annual feast, which she did, and the little men served her with the viands with which the table was spread.

After dinner, some of the little men drank wine of checker berries, smoozed the long Indian pipe which grew in the forest, and if need themselves with fawn mace of butterfly's wings, while others brought musical instruments and played for them.

Daisy being tired now, they brought their own little beds of toadstool down for her to sleep on—it took them all—and Daisy yawned, they covered her with their little coverlets made of petals of the petals of the daffodil, rose, violet and pansy, and tucked her up with the hair, and Daisy really believed that it was the same hair that her grandpa threw out of the window when he had his hair cut, so that the little women might find it, to line their nests with.

The little men then gathered around her, singing to her in the sweet little voices she heard, and thinking their little blue bells, until at last she fell asleep.

When she awoke she was sitting at the foot of the old tree, and the little men and their banquet had vanished; the sun was setting, and she ran quietly home, wondering if it was all a dream. For a long time after this she went and sat under the old tree very quiet; but she never again beheld the little green men of the forest.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. H. J. E. writes: "I am a young man who has been married nearly two years. My wife has a very high temper and gets mad at every little thing, and she can't help it. What would you advise me to do to break her from getting out of her temper? We are living a long way from our original home and my wife is dissatisfied, and I am homesick and want to go back. But I can do better here than at my former home. What I take her back home when I can't do so well for her as I can at my present home? I make enough to keep a house, but I have some left yearly. Please answer soon as you can as I am very anxious to get your advice." If your wife's desire to move comes solely from homesickness, you will find it easier to satisfy her than if it is a result of her temper. If it is the latter, then your wife's temper is a serious matter, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and nothing good, humor on your part, and a constant effort to avoid causes of dispute. Never insist on carrying your point in a trivial matter. As you are doing so well in your present home, and your wife is a reasonable creature, you can certainly cure her of a high temper by changing your place of residence. There is only one thing that we know of as a panacea for homesickness. That is, and